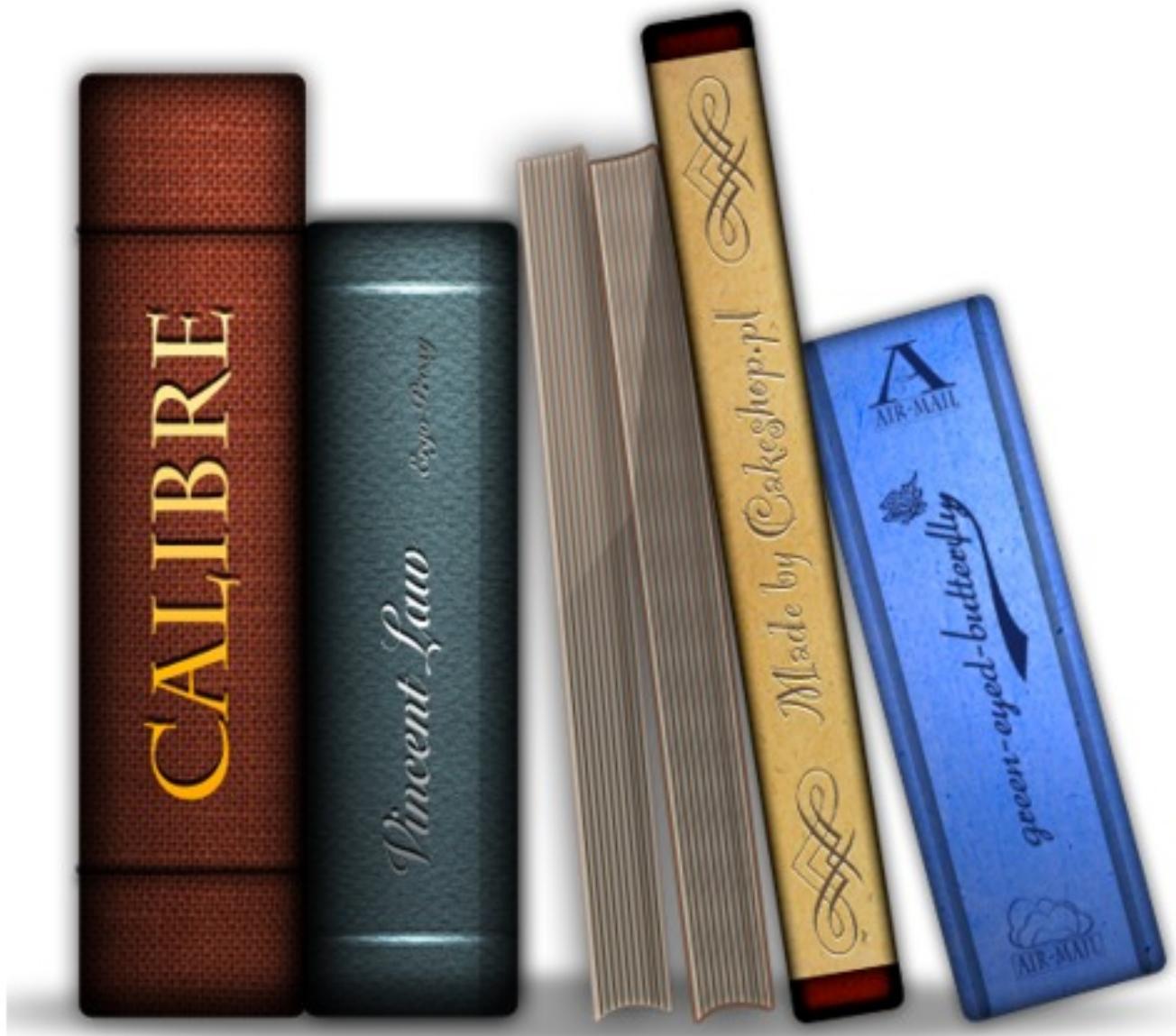


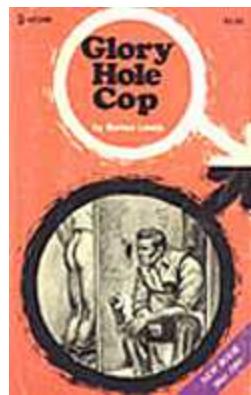
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**ac-248 glory hole cop (barton
lewis) 1981**

JBBISHOP



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AC-248 GLORY HOLE COP by Barton Lewis

CHAPTER ONE

His morning hard-on grated against the bathroom sink as he sleepily brushed his teeth. He had been dreaming about yesterday's experience with a young man with a knapsack at the bus station. The large stiff cock in the young man's hand remained in his memory, and what could have been a really hot blow-job.

Mark and Dick had been sitting in the waiting room, casually glancing through a newspaper. Mark caught the dark eye of the young man across the room, and got a wink in return. Then the man went to the men's room, Dick and Mark exchanged glances, and Mark casually sauntered into the men's room after him. The man was standing at the center urinal of the long row, taking a leak. Mark stood two urinals away and took out his cock. He glanced over at the young man and could see a rather large, soft cock held loosely. As Mark stared, the man dropped his hand so Mark could see the entire prick. It was thick, and, as Mark watched, started to rise as the urine stream tapered off. Mark caressed his own prick and it started to rise in response. He continued his masturbatory motion, and soon the big cock was at full staff.

The young man looked back and gasped at the size of Mark's cock. Fully nine inches of thick muscle protruded stiffly from Mark's fly, and black pubic hairs also peeked out around the base. Mark gently caressed his cock, but did not hide it from view.

The young man abruptly removed the knapsack from his shoulders without putting his cock away. Apparently he wanted to give full attention to the huge cock being offered to him. His long brown hair fell over his shoulders, and he brushed it back, one hand remaining on his rigid prick.

At that point Dick had walked in. The young man hastily hid his boner from Dick's view, but Dick smiled reassuringly and walked to the urinal on the other side of the man. He took out his own cock and began to stroke it. The response was slower, but soon he showed a thick, hard cock almost as large as Mark's, and was playing with it openly. The young man relaxed and

leaned back from the urinal, showing himself plainly, convinced that both the men were available and safe.

He looked from one cock to the other, but decided on Mark. He moved to the urinal directly beside Mark's. Dick merely smiled and nodded. Mark, as usual, maintained a bland expression.

The young man watched Mark caress his cock for a few minutes and then tentatively, slowly reached out with one hand. Mark turned toward him slightly, and the hand grasped the rigid prick firmly. He ignored Dick, concentrating on the delicious cock Mark had made available.

Dick watched the action for a moment, smiling at Mark. Mark tried to keep his face blank, but the young man's hand was exciting him and he tensed in pleasure. He couldn't help noticing Dick's big cock, also obviously excited. The cockhead was much thicker than the shaft, and looked deep pink, as if it might cum soon.

Reluctantly and surreptitiously, Dick returned his erection to his pants as the young man slowly dropped to his knees in front of Mark. Just as the young mouth reached the broad cockhead, Dick pulled out his wallet, showing the police badge.

He growled, "You're under arrest!"

The young man stopped in his descent down the thick cockshaft, startled.

He whirled around to see Dick with his badge in his hand.

"What? I thought...?" He glanced up at Mark, who was replacing his cock in his pants with considerable difficulty. The hot mouth had felt awfully good for that brief moment.

"That's right, buddy, you're under arrest for lewd behavior," Mark stated flatly, looking sternly down at the boy still kneeling in front of him.

"You guys are both cops?" the boy asked unbelievingly, shaking his head.

Both Dick and Mark nodded silently. The boy, still stunned, rose to his feet, his face drawn and pale.

"I guess it was just too good to be true," he sighed.

Dick put the handcuffs on him while Mark recited his rights to the young man. The fellow was silent.

As they started to leave the john, Mark whispered to Dick, "Better zip up your fly." His erection was still obvious, as was Mark's.

Dick grinned sheepishly, zipped up, and grabbed the dropped knapsack.

They took the young man to the station.

The moment of the warm mouth swallowing his aroused cock stayed with him as he shaved carefully around his luxuriant black mustache which he had grown to go with his assignment to the vice squad. The sergeant thought it made him look sexier, and it did contrast well with his olive skin and the wavy black hair which now grew longer on his neck. Mark Fellows thought back to the day in the shower at the police station when he noticed Captain Grimes looking him over, especially staring at his heavy cock hanging over the big balls and the thick nest of black hair in his groin. Mark had just turned twenty-five, and had been on the force three years. But this was the first time the captain had shown any particular interest in him.

"Drop in my office tomorrow morning before going on duty," the captain had said as Mark was drying off in front of his locker.

"Sure, Captain. What's it about?" Mark was curious.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," the captain growled and walked out of the locker room.

The next morning the captain explained.

"You probably know we have a pretty active vice squad. Have you ever thought of joining it?" he began.

"No," Mark said slowly, "not really."

"Well, we have to change the staff frequently because their faces become known and the pros just fade away when a known vice officer shows up. If you're interested, I think you could fit in. You're young and attractive and unknown in those circles, I suppose. Are you married?"

Mark was suddenly uncomfortable. "My wife and I are getting a divorce."

The captain looked closely at him, but continued.

"The hours may be irregular at times, and some wives don't like the idea of their husbands playing around, even to trap criminals. But the pay is higher, and you usually wear plainclothes, which some men seem to like.

You would start out on the homosexual detail. Does that idea bother you?"

"Well, I guess not. It's illegal, isn't it?"

"That's right, and this city seems to be bursting with queers," Grimes snarled, his face getting red. "I consider it my personal duty to find every one of them and lock'em up!" His voice rose shrilly. "The lousy, degenerate, cocksucking bastards..." The captain began to pace up and down the office agitatedly.

Then he suddenly turned to stare at Mark accusingly.

"You're not queer, are you?" he barked.

Mark was startled. "No, no," he croaked.

The captain continued to stare at him for a moment and then turned away, mollified.

"I had to ask, you know. You're handsome, and I could see in the shower yesterday that you've got a big cock -- ah -- and that seems to be what these filthy queers want. You know they will want to suck your cock, and even -- get you to stick it in their asses, don't you?" He still paced excitedly, one hand scratching at his balls repeatedly. "Of course you don't have to do

those things -- you arrest them before it ever goes that far. You understand that!" he finished on a roar.

"Yes, of course!" Mark responded. He really didn't understand why the captain was getting so excited.

"All right. Report to Sergeant Roberts. He will give you your assignment.

You will be relieved of your regular duties starting tomorrow," the captain growled. He was beginning to calm down.

"Yes, sir," Mark had said, and escaped.

And that had been his introduction to the vice squad. He liked it fairly well -- at least it was better than pounding a beat, although he was becoming more emotionally involved than he thought he would. Maybe it was because of the divorce and the fact that he was always alone now.

Richard Roberts had filled him in with the details of the operation. Dick had been on the vice squad for several years, and it seemed to be his only interest. But he was too well known to be a primary decoy in some places now, and needed assistance from the young, handsome officers for that duty. Roberts was only thirty-two years old and still handsome, but the sprinkling of gray in his hair and the expanding paunch he carried around limited his attraction, especially for those interested in the young, virile types.

Mark's duties were to observe homosexual activity or attract the men to make an advance toward him, and then signal Roberts to come in for the arrest. The rule was that two officers were to be present under most conditions, although that rule was frequently broken. If Mark could arrange for the man to make an advance in front of Roberts, that was best for the court, but it was not absolutely necessary. The judge would take the word of one officer over the testimony of the accused every time, anyway. All Mark had to say was that the man had proposed having sex with him, and the judge automatically found the accused man guilty of L & L --

lewd and lascivious. Rarely did the matter come to a jury trial; the accused generally wanted to avoid publicity.

Dick Roberts knew all the spots to find cruising homosexuals, it seemed.

He took great pride in his knowledge of ways of trapping them at their own game, but sometimes Mark had to admit that the evidence did not really support the court's verdicts. Sometimes Dick invented some details to round out the story. While this concerned Mark, it was obvious these guys were homosexual, so maybe it didn't matter that the man hadn't actually made the full approach that they testified to in court. If they had waited long enough, he probably would have.

At first it bothered him that they frequently arranged observation points to obtain their evidence; they could peek through special holes that the homosexuals were not aware of. But they were criminals, weren't they?

Roberts and the captain insisted that any method was fair when dealing with such criminals.

After an active day, Mark went home frustrated. He had frequently developed several hard-ons during the day to attract the gay men, but never received satisfaction. Sometimes their gentle hands caressed his cock for a few moments before he pulled out his badge and arrested them.

He came to live for those few moments. If Dick Roberts were not with him, sometimes he allowed them to stroke his stiff cock for several minutes.

At night he would masturbate to the memory.

As he pulled on his casual pants, his prick still protruded, demanding attention.

"Save your energy," Mark mumbled at the stubborn muscle. "Some guy out there is just aching to take you on. You'll get your chance -- never fear."

CHAPTER TWO

The men's room at the Drew Hotel was an old standby for finding cocksuckers. Although it was notorious among the locals, the transients who stayed there for a night or two did not know that the police had a surveillance hole in the ceiling and regularly spied on the men below.

They did nothing about the glory hole between the two booths, since it was necessary to be able to catch the men having sex through it.

Dick had decided that this morning would be a good time to stake out the Drew men's room, since there were some conventioneers in town and there would probably be some unsuspecting tourists using the well-known glory hole.

Mark met Dick in the hotel coffee shop and they ate a roll and had another cup of coffee before starting work. They checked out their walkie-talkies, which were working properly. The restaurant was busy with the convention guests. Dick amused himself by speculating who was gay in the crowd and which ones they might pick up in the john downstairs. With some exceptions, Mark found it difficult to identify the gay ones in the crowd. In general they looked just like everyone else to him. But Dick thought he could spot them, and only laughed when someone used the old cliche, "It takes one to know one."

Finally they made their way to the men's room. They both entered and urinated at the urinals which were around the corner from the door. It was possible for someone to enter, stand near the door without being seen from the urinal and booth section, and receive a signal as part of the operation.

While urinating, Mark noticed two pairs of feet under the doors of the booths on both sides of the glory hole. He nodded at Dick, and after washing their hands, Dick hid around the corner. Mark left, holding the noisy door open for a moment as if both men had left together. Then he walked to the storeroom next to the john, opened it with his special key, and crept in. This room was next to the urinal and stall section of the men's

room and had a high ceiling. Mark did not turn on the light but used a pocket flashlight. He quietly climbed a ladder to a loft above the john where there was a ventilation grating. By lying on the floor of the loft, he could see directly down on the two stalls in question.

The two men were still there, sitting on the stools. Mark knew one of them. He was a local man whom Mark had arrested several weeks before in the same spot. He was a librarian, Mark remembered, about forty-five and not at all attractive. Perhaps that's why he liked glory holes, thought Mark. Frequently the men involved never saw each other's faces.

The other man was a stranger to Mark. He was young, in his early twenties, and dressed in a stylish suit, probably one of the conventioneers. His pants were down to the floor now, his hairy legs spread, and he was stroking a very stiff, slim cock as he leaned back against the toilet tank. The older man was peering through the glory hole, watching the hand action and playing with himself, although Mark could not see his cock.

Apparently both thought that Dick and Mark had left the john. Dick remained hidden and completely silent in the outer room.

The older man put his finger through the glory hole and signaled the young man that it was safe to put his cock through the hole. The young man hunched forward immediately -- apparently he was pretty hot -- and the older man dropped to his knees in front of the hole. Mark could then see that he was massaging a thick, hard cock which was not very long but dribbled pre-cum fluid on the floor as he watched the young man stand to approach the hole.

Still with his pants on the floor, the young man tentatively inserted his rigid cock halfway through the hole. The librarian immediately seized on it with his mouth, licking the cockhead as he jerked his own prick.

Mark's cock was then as hard as those of the men he was watching. He rolled carefully to one side and took out his huge prick, which jerked with excitement in his hand. He began to stroke it roughly as he watched the cocksucker on his knees.

Apparently the librarian's treatment felt good; suddenly the boy shoved his cock all the way through the hole into the sucking mouth. Mark could hear the moans of appreciation from both men as they gave and received.

Mark could understand why the young man would enjoy it, but he didn't understand why a man would like to suck another man's cock. Apparently it was exciting the sucker as much as it did the suckee!

Mark's hand was jerking rapidly now. The young man's head was thrown back in rapture, and he seemed to be looking almost directly at Mark peering through the vent above him. But he could not see Mark in his hiding place

-- his eyes were glazed with his involvement in the blow-job he was receiving. Mark could almost feel the hot mouth on his throbbing prick.

Suddenly the young man pulled back to rest a moment. He wanted to prolong the thrill. He gently stroked his dripping cock with both hands and cupped his balls, watching the older man's face at the hole, his tongue licking his lips, panting for more of the long, hard cock.

The young man leaned back against the wall of the stall, his hand sliding over the cockshaft and the wet, spongy cockhead. His legs were spread as wide as his pants would allow, and his knees bent as his orgasm approached. His hairy legs were trembling with excitement. A grin started on his face, but it became a grimace as he felt the flood preparing. Mark also felt his climax coming, identifying totally with the young man.

Suddenly his prey lunged forward, shoving his cock through the glory hole. He was an instant too late, for his first spurt of thick cum struck the cocksucker in the face and dribbled down his nose and chin. But the older man ignored it and sucked in the shooting prick deep in his throat.

Mark spurted his own cum on the floor beside him as the man below filled the cocksucker's avid mouth with jism. The older man started spurting on the floor between his knees as he received the tasty load.

Mark spurted jet after jet into the floor, but suddenly realized he had forgotten his real purpose. He fumbled for his radio transmitter and gave one push on the button. That activated a quiet click in Dick's receiver, signaling him that it was time to break up the party.

Dick stole in quietly as the men continued to cum. He yanked open both doors, whose locks had long since failed to function properly, in time to see the young man pressing ecstatically against the wall as the older man sucked his spurting prick.

Both men were shocked by Dick's unexpected appearance.

"You're both under arrest," Dick roared, showing his badge.

Mark had identified so strongly with the young man, cuming at the same time, that he could almost feel his shock. He gave his cock a final squeeze, and then scrambled down from his vantage point, putting his softening cock away, and joining Dick in the men's room to assist in the arrest.

By the time he arrived in the john, both men were adjusting their clothing, looking crestfallen and angry. Dick recited their rights to them and told them what they were accused of. The puddle of cum was still on the floor in the older man's stall, and his face was still streaked with the young man's jizz.

"Wipe your face," Mark commanded. Dick chuckled as he realized what had happened.

"Pretty anxious, weren't you, kid?" he sneered. The young man merely glared at him.

They handcuffed the two men and marched them upstairs into the lobby. The room was crowded, and many stared curiously at the group, all in civilian clothes but two men obviously in custody. Coming from the men's room, it was obvious what had happened.

Mark and Dick shoved them into the back seat of the unmarked police car at the curb near the entrance to the hotel. Mark drove as Dick tried to get

the arrested men into conversation. Sometimes they could get a confession from the man which they could use in court.

"Why does a young, handsome guy like you hang around a smelly john to get a blow-job when he could be out with a pretty girl?"

The young man was still very angry and blurted out, "A hot mouth is better than a sloppy cunt anytime, pig!"

Dick chuckled, since he had trapped him into an admission, or at least it would be presented that way when he testified in court.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked the older man.

The librarian only grunted, but would say nothing.

Mark said, "We arrested him at the hotel several weeks ago, at the same place. He is out on bail. I guess he hasn't come to trial yet."

"Oh, yeah," Dick remembered. "You get pretty good stuff there?" he tried again. But the older man was wise to the trick and would say nothing.

Dick gave up and started talking to Mark about the cute blond he had made out with the night before. He described all the intimate details of her body and how much she moved for him in bed. It seemed to Mark that he was directing his comments more to the arrested men in back than to him, showing how much of a "real" man he was.

Mark responded only enough to be polite. He felt better after his orgasm, but was still in a bad mood. Then they arrived at the station and booked the men for L & L. By the time they had finished typing up the report, it was lunchtime.

They ate lunch together in a cafeteria near the station. Dick again started discussing the blond of the previous night, but Mark interrupted.

"Does your wife know about this?" He was becoming bored by all the details of Dick's love life.

Dick winked. "She thought I was out on assignment last night. I fucked her this morning before I came to work, so she is happy, I guess." Then he changed the subject.

"How about going fishing some weekend?" he proposed. "We could take some sleeping bags and spend most of Saturday and Sunday at a trout stream.

What do you say?"

Mark gave him a non-committal answer. He would really prefer to get away from Dick on his time off. But he was lonely, and it might be a nice change.

"It gets pretty cold in the mountains at night. We might want to zip the sleeping bags together to keep warm," Dick mentioned casually.

Mark stared at him for a moment and then looked away. The job must be getting to him! For a moment he had the feeling that Dick was making a sexual advance! But that couldn't be. Dick was straight!

"My ex-wife always told me I was difficult to sleep with, tossing around all night. Putting the bags together might not be a good idea for you,"

he finally said.

"Oh, that's all right. It might be fun." Dick had dismissed the problem as being of no consequence. Again Mark had the feeling that he wanted more than to fish for the weekend.

"By the way," Dick said casually as they rose to leave, "I've got to take my wife to the doctor this afternoon. She thinks she might be pregnant again. Why don't you check out the john in the park about three or four o'clock this afternoon by yourself? There might be some action out there."

CHAPTER THREE

And so about three-thirty, Mark parked his unmarked car under a tree to shade it, checked his shoulder holster under his jacket, and strolled across the lawn to the park's men's room. No one was there when he walked in, so he settled himself on the stool in one of the booths. In the wall separating the two booths was a glory hole which looked like it was used regularly. There were crusted cum drips on the wall under the hole, and pictures drawn on the wall with a felt pen.

Although the floor wasn't very clean, he pushed his corduroy pants all the way down so that his muscular, hairy legs were completely revealed.

The queers liked his legs, he knew from experience, but they especially liked the heavy balls hanging from an unusually hairy groin, and the thick cock which even now was rising slightly. Sometimes he unbuttoned his shirt so they could see his flat belly and hairy chest with its black hair.

Mark amused himself by reading the graffiti. Some of it was slightly clever, but most were attempts to attract guys with big cocks to come there for blow-jobs. Sometimes Mark made dates by writing on the wall; if the guy showed up, Mark arrested him. There were pleas to make dates, and even more proposals to have three-ways.

It was nearly four o'clock before anyone entered the john. He immediately went into the booth next to Mark. Mark got a glimpse of a Levi's-clad leg as it passed the glory hole, but didn't want to peer through or appear too curious. Several minutes went by after the man settled himself on the neighboring toilet, but nothing happened. Finally Mark became curious and bent forward so he could see part of the booth through the hole.

He could see two muscular legs covered with fine, blond hair and Levi's down to the floor. He leaned forward more and then could see a relatively small hand fondling a very stiff seven-inch cock rising from a nest of curly blond hair. Mark could not help noticing how beautifully the blond curls set

off the pink cockshaft and the darker cockhead. There was no hair on the hand.

As he watched, the man spread his legs and cupped his balls in his other hand. They were large and close to the base of the cock. The man made no move otherwise, although it was almost certain he was aware of Mark's observation.

Mark continued to watch the fondling of the stiff prick, and his own rose, hard and demanding, as he watched. Since the man made no move, Mark leaned back and began to stroke his own erection. His huge cock set in the black curly hair was in distinct contrast to the blond next door, especially since the hair grew up his belly so profusely.

Then Mark noticed parts of a face visible at the hole; the man was watching him play with his cock. He could see only one blue eye and part of a nose, but he pretended not to see anything, seemingly content to play with himself alone. He was waiting for a signal to put his cock through the hole, but none came. Then the face disappeared, and several minutes passed silently.

Finally Mark could stand it no longer, and he bent forward again to see what the man was doing. He was still sitting quietly, slowly stroking his pink cock which looked even bigger now. Mark did not attempt to see the face, preferring to keep the situation anonymous at this point.

As he watched, the figure moved forward on the toilet -- and leaned back.

Mark could see a hairless asscrack and big balls kissing the muscular thighs. The prick stood straight up, the fingertips caressing it gently.

The man's belly muscles were clearly outlined, and the chest was hairless except for some fine blond hairs around the nipples. Mark could not see higher from his view point.

Mark's cock began to throb as he watched the slim hand move up and down.

Mark had to stop his stroking to prevent having an orgasm at that moment.

What was the guy waiting for? Why didn't he signal Mark? There was no choice but to sit back and wait for the expected approach.

The blue eye appeared at the hole again for a moment and then disappeared. There was movement in the booth, but nothing appeared at the hole. After a couple of minutes of silence, Mark again leaned forward to check out the action.

He was startled to see the nude body of the man leaning against the wall of the booth directly opposite the glory hole. He stood there with knees bent, his thigh and calf muscles tense, one hand stroking the prominent prick and the other fondling his big balls. The blond curls framed the hand action. Still Mark did not look upward toward the face, but he was fascinated by the lusty sexual picture the masculine body presented.

Mark's cock again jerked in his hand.

He stood up in his booth and imitated the other man, leaning back against the wall and fondling himself. He spread his shirt wide to expose his chest. He could not actually stroke his cock because he was too close to orgasm. He had already moved his holster toward the back so it could not be seen from the other booth.

The bright blue eye appeared again at the hole, and he heard a gasp from the other booth. But the face remained at the hole for only a minute and then was withdrawn. Again there was silence.

Mark gritted his teeth. Please! Please signal me so we can stop this! I can't hold back much longer! Still no signal. His knees were trembling with excitement.

Desperate now, Mark finally lunged forward and shoved his cock through the hole! Immediately a small, soft hand grasped the cock warmly and began to caress it. The hand was so gentle that Mark was aroused even more. His cock was now exposed and he could control it no longer.

With no interruption, he felt a warm mouth replace the hand on his prick!

The tongue began to lave the cockhead and then caress the underside as the mouth descended all the way down. Mark began to tremble, his knees rattling against the wall. He had no control! He shoved against the wall, needing that hot mouth to take it all!

When the cock was lodged deep in the warm throat, he felt the throat muscles grip his cock and then relax, and then the lips were slowly withdrawn to the cockhead. Here the lips and tongue concentrated, nibbling and teasing the sensitive spot under the cockhead. Mark could do nothing but lean heavily against the wall. He completely forgot his purpose for being there. His entire being was centered in his stiff prick and the excruciating stimulation it was receiving.

Then the mouth dived all the way down again and Mark responded automatically. He lunged forward and began to spurt thick jets of cum into the welcoming mouth! He groaned loudly but did not hear himself. His brain was spinning from the ecstatic orgasm. The warm mouth increased its suction and moved rapidly up and down the cockshaft, taking all the throbbing prick would deliver.

Mark hung onto the top of the booth wall with both hands and shoved against it, completely at the mercy of the cocksucker. With each delicious spurt, he groaned his joy. His cum flooded the sucking mouth and still it continued, as if it had been stored for too long and now at last was being released under pressure. Not a drop was wasted -- the man swallowed as rapidly as it flowed.

Finally the spurts began to diminish, but Mark still hung on. He had to prolong the ecstasy as long as possible! The mouth continued to suck, hoping for more. With the last dribble, Mark regained some strength in his legs and could stand again. His knees began to function, but he was breathless from the experience.

Suddenly he remembered his purpose! He had to arrest the man, even though he had given him an unforgettable experience -- the greatest orgasm of his life!

Mark snapped upright, pulled his cock back, and without even drying it, pulled up his pants and stuffed it in with some difficulty. He closed his shirt and moved his gun back in place. He opened the door of his booth and yanked open the door of the next booth, neither of which had locks.

The cocksucker was a boy! A blond, curly-haired boy, whose bright blue eyes had looked at him through the hole, now stood in the booth with his stiff cock in his hand, a startled expression on his face from Mark's sudden entry. His face was masculine, but beardless because of his age.

His lips were full and still had traces of Mark's cum on them. His chest and shoulders were broad for his age, and were unadorned with hair except the fine down around the nipples. The pink cock was at least eight inches long and thick with a deep red head, apparently close to orgasm.

Mark was startled by the boy's appearance and drew his gun from its holster, pointing it at the boy.

"You're under arrest!" he finally stammered.

The blue eyes darted from Mark's stern face to the gun and back to the face. The eyes grew blank and glazed, and he jerked his big cock once, twice, and then spurted cum the entire length of the booth, some of it striking Mark's shoes! It was obvious that Mark's appearance had been more sexually exciting than frightening, since he continued to jerk his jetting cock as spurt after spurt splattered on the floor.

Mark was thoroughly shaken. He was pointing a gun at this cocksucker and he had the nerve to cum in front of him! He was all policeman now and he was not being respected! He forgot their intimacy of only a moment before. But still he couldn't help noticing the man-sized cock in the blond curls, the creamy skin with muscles rippling under it. He stood stock still until the spurts slowed and the hand stopped its spastic jerking.

Then the boy began to sag and he looked at his quieting prick. He gave it one last squeeze and a few drops of jism emerged. The youthful face cleared and he looked into Mark's eyes questioningly, innocently.

"What did you say?" he asked, still somewhat dazed.

"I said, 'You're under arrest! Don't you know that it is illegal to suck cock or even masturbate in public?'"

"Public? In the booth here? You seemed to like my mouth on you, didn't you?" The boy seemed so innocent and logical.

"That makes no difference. I'm going to have to take you down to the station. How old are you?" Mark asked gruffly.

The boy told him, answering slowly. He didn't seem to understand the power Mark had over him.

"I'll take you to Juvenile, and we'll call your parents from there." Mark started to put handcuffs on the boy, but decided against it. He seemed like a quiet kid who wouldn't try to run away. "Pull up your pants and come along!"

The boy obeyed slowly, still confused.

"What's your name?"

"Teddy Conrad -- what's yours?" the boy answered, still trying to be friendly.

"I'm Officer Fellows -- Mark Fellows -- and you are under arrest for lewd and lascivious behavior. Do you understand what that means?"

"No, sir," Teddy responded with wide eyes, those startling blue eyes set in the handsome blond face.

"They'll explain all about it at Juvenile Hall. Come along now!"

The boy quietly followed him to the police car and they drove to the juvenile center, where a fatherly social worker was called in.

"Where do you live? What is your home phone number?"

"I live at 432 Oak Street, but my mother isn't home from work yet. My father is dead," Teddy said softly.

"The usual -- a single parent, kid alone after school..." muttered the social worker.

"What time does your mother get home?" Mark inquired roughly. He realized vaguely that he was more emotionally involved in this case than usual.

"About 5:30," Teddy answered.

"I'll go by there at 5:30 and tell her the story. Will he be released to his mother tonight?" he asked the officer.

"No. We will have to run a check on the family situation, and in the meantime he stays here. You can tell her to bring some clothes down for him if you want to."

Teddy looked bewildered and Mark could see that he was at last becoming frightened.

"You mean I can't go home now?"

"Not until we've done some investigation."

"You'll stay here tonight, anyway."

They led Teddy away and the door locked shut behind him.

"Why do you cops have to bring these kids in like this?" the social worker complained. "Haven't they got enough troubles?"

Mark bristled. "He propositioned me! How was I to know he was only a kid?"

I couldn't see him through the glory hole!"

The social worker looked tired and depressed.

"Oh, another one of those spy jobs, eh?"

"Look, what he did was illegal, no matter how old he is. That's my job, see?" Mark realized that he was defending himself too much, but the social worker made him angry.

"Yeah, yeah -- I know," sighed the older man, and followed Teddy to the lock-up.

CHAPTER FOUR

After stopping by Teddy's home near the park, he slowly drove home and had a lonely dinner. His mind was even more confused now that he was free to think. He couldn't forget the innocent look on the boy's face when he arrested him, and the same frightened, innocent look on his mother's face when he had told her the news. He also couldn't forget how great Teddy's hot mouth had felt when the boy had sucked his cum. Every time he remembered it, his cock rose stiffly. He tried to watch TV, but could not concentrate. He had to stop thinking about it! That was one of the first lessons taught in the police academy -- don't become emotionally involved with your cases!

But that didn't help much when he went to bed. He tried to think of other things, but his stiff prick kept reminding him of the joy he had felt that afternoon. Finally he gave up and started to fondle his throbbing cock.

He used both hands, one on the cockshaft and the other rubbing the broad cockhead. The huge cock throbbed in his hands. Mark was stretched out nude, his legs spread, his balls resting on the sheet. He closed his eyes, remembering how Teddy looked as he leaned back against the booth wall, his knees bent, the fine golden hair sprinkled over his muscular legs, the curly blond bush in his groin, so like the wavy hair of the boy's mother.

Mark caressed his cock as he had seen Teddy do that afternoon. His hands worked swiftly now. His balls were churning in their sac.

Mark groaned with excitement, his eyes tightly closed. Images of Teddy flooded his mind. Teddy's hand moved swiftly on his stiff cock, and then the white cum boiled to the surface! Mark thrust his hips up sharply as he had done through the glory hole, and the first spurt of cum landed on his chin.

"Teddy!" he cried, as his prick gushed over his chest and belly, covering his hand. The slippery fingers could not take the place of Teddy's mouth, but it was the only available substitute. His brain did the rest. When his climax

passed, he was dripping with cum from the violence of the orgasm -- his third that day.

When he could breathe regularly again, he rose and showered. Then he could sleep, but before dozing off, he decided to avoid contact with Teddy for his own peace of mind.

Mark immersed himself in his work even more. He fought to keep images of Teddy out of his mind as he observed male sex in other spots he and Dick haunted. He avoided going back to the park alone. But at night, in bed, he could not erase the memories, and jerked off regularly with Teddy's silky hair and masculine body in mind.

He was growing irritable and was more harsh with the men that he and Dick arrested, as if that would reverse the feelings he harbored for Teddy.

Even Dick commented on it one day, but praised him for becoming more realistic in handling the dirty criminals.

Mark did drop in at the Conrad house about two weeks later, since he had promised to do so. Teddy was there, but merely looked at him soberly and silently. He did not seem to accuse Mark, but was confused and uncertain how to react to him.

Sometimes the boy's gaze rested momentarily on Mark's bulging crotch, and Mark had to cross his legs to hide the expansion that occurred as he recalled their meeting in the park. He completely forgot his resolve to avoid future contact.

"Look," Mark said when Teddy was about to return to his studies, "I have tomorrow afternoon off. Would you like me to pick you up at school and look after you until your mother gets home?"

Teddy looked solemnly at Mark. "I guess so," he said slowly. Mark wondered what was going through his mind. He began to blush from his own thoughts.

"Then that's settled. I'll pick you up at school at three o'clock."

"Yes, sir," Teddy responded slowly, then went back to his room.

It was department policy that the officers wear their uniforms when testifying in court. Since Mark had testified earlier that day, he was in uniform when he picked up Teddy at school. Teddy looked him over carefully but said nothing. He stared out the window as Mark drove somewhat aimlessly.

"What would you like to do, Teddy?"

Teddy looked at him in his serious, innocent way and shrugged. "Whatever you want, sir," he said quietly.

"Uh -- I used to collect stamps when I was your age. Would you like to see the collection?" he finally suggested.

"You mean at your place?" Teddy asked. Mark nodded, looking straight ahead.

"OK, I guess so." Teddy resumed his staring out the window. They drove the rest of the way in silence.

Teddy looked around Mark's apartment curiously. It wasn't as neat and clean as his own home, but it was masculine.

"Where's your wife?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't have a wife," Mark said shortly. Teddy nodded.

"I see," he said quietly.

Mark dug out the albums of stamps which were covered with dust. He hadn't looked at them for years, but he needed something to interest Teddy. He spread them out on the coffee table.

At first Teddy showed only polite interest, but gradually became more absorbed as Mark explained the history of some of the stamps. Teddy slid to the floor, his legs under the table and unconsciously resting his back against Mark's leg. Mark's cock immediately came to life from this casual touch.

He had difficulty controlling his voice as he went on explaining details. Teddy was serious as usual, looking up from time to time and asking intelligent questions.

With an attempt to seem natural, Mark swung his leg over Teddy's head so the boy was sitting between his legs as they bent over head to head, looking at the stamps. Mark edged forward until his hard prick encountered Teddy's shoulder. Teddy gave a little start, understanding what was happening but saying nothing.

Eventually the conversation dwindled. The stamps were not the important subject. Mark pressed his stiff cock against the boy's shoulder and Teddy pressed back but made no other move. Mark's prick was demanding attention, as evidenced by the jerking which both could feel. Mark could also see that Teddy was excited and made no effort to hide his bulging basket.

Mark groaned. He was torn between his need for Teddy and his intellect which told him that what he was doing was against his code. Teddy looked up questioningly for a moment, and then dropped his eyes back to the stamp album.

"What's the matter?" he finally asked softly.

Without answering, Mark gently placed his hand on the boy's head, running his fingers through the soft, blond hair. He had wanted to do that ever since he first saw the boy, he realized now. Even his masturbation fantasies had involved the silky golden curls.

Teddy sat silently, not responding.

Gradually Mark increased the pressure on his head, slowly directing it toward his aching crotch. Teddy did not resist but did not take the initiative. Finally Mark turned the boy's head so that the lips were pressed against his bulging crotch.

Mark groaned, "Oh, please, Teddy..."

"Yes, sir?" Teddy responded, still passive.

"Please -- please! Suck my cock, Teddy!"

"Will you arrest me again if I do?" Teddy inquired solemnly.

"No, no! Please, Teddy! Suck it! Please!" the words were wrenched from him, agonizingly frustrated.

Teddy's eyes looked up to study him. He didn't really understand why the man was so upset by something he considered natural. But he saw an aroused man in a police uniform, and that was very exciting to him.

He placed his lips on the huge bulge in the pants and blew his hot breath through the material. Mark shuddered and spread his legs. Teddy began to bite the bulge tenderly, wetting the material as Mark squirmed.

Abruptly Mark ripped open the zipper fly and with difficulty extracted his stiff, throbbing prick. Teddy stared at the huge cock so close to his face, taking in every detail of the beautiful prick -- the red cockhead leaking pre-cum fluid, the prominent veins coursing the straight, thick cockshaft. It was one of the most beautiful things in the world to Teddy.

It was fully nine inches long. Protruding from the uniform pants, it was especially exciting. Still he made no move.

Mark grew impatient. He pushed the blond head down on the cock, and Teddy's mouth opened to take in the spongy cockhead. He twisted around to give full attention to the demanding tool. First he licked around the ridge and Mark groaned again. Then he nibbled gently and Mark thrust forward, demanding more.

Finally, his tongue moving constantly, Teddy slowly worked his way down the thick cockshaft. When it was all the way into his throat, he stopped, but continued to swirl his tongue enticingly.

Mark moaned and collapsed on the couch, pushing his crotch toward Teddy, his senses reeling. Again he was at the mercy of that hot mouth that set him

on fire. Teddy moved his mouth up the cock and then back down. Each movement brought an answering moan and thrust. The gun holster caught on the couch material, and Mark unconsciously freed it.

"Oh, yes, suck it, Teddy! Suck me!" he pleaded.

Teddy increased the speed of his plunging head and ran his hands up the spread legs, feeling the strong cloth that added to his excitement. He fumbled at Mark's waist, but the belt was heavy with a complicated buckle.

Mark obligingly and quickly unfastened the buckle and waist of the trousers, and Teddy spread the fly wide. He fished out the heavy balls, eliciting a fresh groan from the trembling man. Teddy began to lick the ball sac as he stroked the wet cockshaft and smoothed his hand over the throbbing cockhead.

Mark shoved the curly head down hard against his balls. Teddy sucked them into his mouth, one at a time. Mark groaned with joy.

"Your hot mouth on my hot balls, Teddy -- suck me all over, Teddy -- your lapping tongue thrills me..."

Mark's eyes were closed. Teddy gazed up at the policeman who was excitedly pushing the boy's head into the uniform crotch. His own cock was thrusting hard against his Levi's, but he ignored it.

Teddy stopped for a moment and said, "Please, sir, take out your gun."

Mark's eyes popped open and he stared at the boy.

"My gun?" he asked, confused.

"Hold it against my head as I suck your big prick," Teddy begged, his hand continuing to caress the wet cock of the quivering policeman.

Mark did not understand the request, but he was a slave to the cocksucking boy. He drew his gun, making sure the safety was on. Teddy stared at the gun for a moment and then brought it to his face. He licked the end of the

barrel as if it were a cockhead, and then pressed the cold steel against his cheek. Then he returned to Mark's cock, still pressing the gun to his face.

This was very confusing to Mark, but the hot mouth on his throbbing prick pushed everything from his mind except the excruciating pleasure.

Although Mark did not notice, Teddy extracted his stiff cock from his pants and stroked it with one hand as he fondled the policeman's balls with the other and sucked up and down on the huge cockshaft. Mark spread his legs still further and straightened them out under the table. His entire body was aflame with the action on his cock, and he pushed the silky head down hard on his cock, shoving the head deep into the throat.

The hand holding the gun dropped slowly, but Teddy brought the weapon back to his face.

Mark groaned and twisted, thrusting against the hot mouth that was taking his entire cock. Teddy increased his sucking tempo, realizing that the man was close to climax. Mark's balls pulled up hard against the base of the huge cock.

"Suck it deep, Teddy," he moaned. "Take it all -- my stiff prick in your hot mouth..."

Mark felt his climax surge first in his toes, but it rapidly moved up his legs, and they began to tremble violently. Then his balls exploded, forcing their jism through the long cockshaft into Teddy's hungry mouth.

As the first spurt arrived, Teddy pressed the gun hard against his cheek to enjoy fully the policeman's orgasm. The thick, sweet cum spurted into his mouth and he swallowed happily. He squeezed the firm balls, the source of the jism. At the same time, his own cock began jetting on the floor, completely unattended.

"Take it! Take my cum, cocksucker!" Mark groaned loudly, pushing down on the plunging head. Teddy took it, spurt after spurt of precious cum. The metallic odor of the gun near his nose increased the joy of receiving the man's jizz.

Teddy moaned around the throbbing prick, his own orgasm shaking his body.

The policeman's hand forcing his head down on the pulsing prick was especially satisfying to him.

"Your hot mouth sucking my cum -- take it, you cocksucker..."

Mark shoved harder as the last dribbles of cum were deposited in the willing mouth. Then he collapsed on the couch and the gun slipped from his shaking hand to the floor. His mind was a blank.

Teddy knelt at his feet, Mark's softening cock all the way into his throat, his own orgasm now receding. There was complete silence except for their heavy breathing.

Then Mark's brain began to stir. He sat up and abruptly pushed Teddy away from his cock, which then hung limply out of the uniform fly. Teddy looked up at him worshipfully. Mark was disturbed by the intense look.

What have I done? his brain said silently. I allowed this boy, this juvenile cocksucker, to blow me! Me, a policeman in uniform, in my own home!

He rose abruptly, put his cock back in his pants, refusing to return Teddy's imploring gaze. His foot touched his forgotten gun on the floor, and he scooped it up to return it to its holster.

"It's time to take you home. Your mother should be there by now," he muttered.

Teddy sighed, disappointed that Mark could not return any of the intimate feeling he had experienced. He rose and returned his cock to his Levi's.

"I'm sorry, I-I couldn't help it. Do you have a towel or something?" he said hesitantly.

Mark stared at the boy. "Why do you need a towel?" he asked gruffly.

"I couldn't help it, I -- came on the floor."

Mark stared for a moment at the small pool of fluid on the carpeting, then abruptly turned, brought a towel from the bathroom, and silently held it out to Teddy. The boy carefully gathered the cum into the towel and handed it to Mark. Gingerly, Mark took the towel between his thumb and one finger and threw it into the laundry hamper in the bathroom.

They drove to Teddy's house in complete silence.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mark appeared in Juvenile Court the following week to testify against Teddy. He avoided looking at Teddy and his mother, except when required to do so to identify Teddy as the defendant. He then related in a flat, unexpressive voice that Teddy had indicated his desire to suck his cock, whereupon Mark had arrested him.

He could feel Teddy's accusing eyes boring into his face as he made the oversimplified statement, but Mark kept his face blank and businesslike.

Teddy's mother wept quietly during his testimony.

When Mark was excused, he left the room. He did not want to be there when a decision was reached. He read in the report sheet the next day that Teddy had not been called to the stand, but had been sentenced to six months in a juvenile home -- a reformatory -- about fifty miles away in the country. The sentence could be extended, depending on the boy's success at "rehabilitation" during the six months. The social service report indicated that one of the main problems was a lack of a father in the house. The sentence was to begin immediately.

Mark tried to rationalize his own actions. After all, the boy was a criminal, wasn't he? All cocksuckers should be in jail, shouldn't they?

He had only done his job as a police officer, and that was the important thing. He was not responsible for the law -- his only responsibility was to enforce it.

He was becoming more aggressive and sullen in his job. He took pleasure, it seemed, in bringing the criminals to justice, and he lost his reluctance to arrange his testimony to fit the requirements of the law.

Dick Roberts approved.

"Some day you may head up this vice squad, if you're interested," he said squeezing Mark's shoulder repeatedly. "That big cock of yours gets them

every time," he chuckled.

Mark was operating more and more alone, and his sexual excitement was becoming more and more troublesome. Every night he masturbated at least once, but each time it was Teddy's face, golden hair and full lips that his mind conjured up to make his orgasm satisfying. A few times, Mark allowed the queer to take his load before arresting him. It satisfied him for the moment, but not the way Teddy had. He lost his fear of participating to the extent of climax, since the criminal's word would not be accepted in court anyway.

More and more he ached for the magic mouth of the blond boy. Sometimes when he was masturbating, it seemed that the fine blond hair was caressing his fingers softly as the soft lips wrapped around his throbbing cock. It was too much to ask to expect him to avoid Teddy totally.

The following Saturday afternoon he drove to the home and asked to see Teddy.

"Are you a relative?" he was asked by the gate attendant.

"No, I'm the arresting officer, but have taken an interest in him and his home situation." Mark showed his badge.

"Oh, I see. That's very commendable. You'll find him in Cottage C."

Mark drove through the gates to Cottage C. He knocked on the door, and it was opened by a man in his forties wearing a wrinkled green uniform.

"Yes?"

"I would like to visit Teddy Conrad." Mark stated.

"Are you a relative?"

Mark explained again that he had been the arresting officer.

The man looked Mark over curiously.

"I don't think we've ever had a visit from the arresting officer before.

Do you think he wants to see you?"

"I'm pretty sure he does."

"Well, I'll ask him," the officer said reluctantly, and walked through another door into the cottage proper. A few minutes later he returned with Teddy, who gave Mark his usual solemn look but said quietly,

"Hello."

"You can go outside if you wish," the man said, so Mark and Teddy walked into the garden.

Mark tried to get Teddy to talk about his routine at the home, but Teddy seemed reluctant to talk. He showed Mark the gardens they tended, and pointed out the school buildings.

"Would you like to walk over to those woods?" Mark finally suggested.

"OK," Teddy responded without enthusiasm.

They walked silently toward the dense woods which were part of the home property.

Suddenly Teddy said, "You didn't wear your uniform."

"No, should I?"

"Well -- you look good in it," Teddy finally replied.

After a few minutes, Mark asked, "How do you like your counselor?"

"Mr. Graves? Oh, he's OK." There was a pause.

"He's like you, I guess," Teddy continued after another pause.

"What do you mean?" Mark asked curiously. "Oh, nothing." Teddy was still reluctant to talk. For a few minutes they walked the path through the woods in silence.

"What do you mean, like me?" Mark insisted.

"Well, he's an officer, although he doesn't wear a gun."

"Is that all?"

"Well, he likes -- the boys to be friendly -- and so forth," Teddy spoke haltingly.

"What do you mean? Can you give me an example?"

"You want to hear what happens?"

"Yes, sure I do."

Again there were several moments of silence.

"Take last night, for instance. Mr. Graves doesn't get along with his wife very well. We can hear them arguing sometimes, since they live in the same building, you know?" Mark nodded.

"But Mr. Graves likes this one boy in the cottage, Bernie. He's bigger than most of us, and sometimes Mr. Graves takes him into the office for special -- counseling and then he locks the door." Teddy fell silent.

"Yes, go on," Mark urged, beginning to suspect what was to come.

"Well, last night I wanted to see Mr. Graves, and I didn't know he had Bernie in the office. I guess they forgot to lock the door. So I walked into the office."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"I really didn't mean to interrupt, but the door was unlocked and I didn't know -- anyway, Mr. Graves and Bernie were lying on the couch

completely nude. Bernie had Mr. Graves' cock in his mouth and Mr. Graves had Bernie's cock in his mouth and they were sucking each other really hard, you know."

Mark gulped, his own cock beginning to harden.

"Bernie's got a real big cock, bigger'n mine, and Mr. Graves has got a pretty big one too. But when I walked in, I guess it surprised them. Mr.

Graves got all red in the face and yelled at me to shut the door. But I was already in the office, so with the door shut I was there with them.

Mr. Graves stared at me for a minute and looked at my crotch, 'cause I guess I was getting a hard-on, you know?"

Mark knew very well, since it was happening to him.

"Bernie was just lying there, grinning at me and playing with his big prick. Mr. Graves told me to lock the door, and then he beckoned me over to him. He began to feel my cock in my pants, and it felt awfully good after these weeks..." Teddy gulped and then continued.

"Then he unfastened my pants and pulled them down. My cock jumped up as soon as the pants were down, and he grabbed it hard. 'That's a damn nice prick you got there, Teddy,' he said, and started to play with it. Bernie also looked interested, and moved around so he could play with my balls.

It felt really good."

"Then Mr. Graves took my cock in his mouth and began to suck it. Boy, was it great! He's very good at it, and could take it all down to my balls!

And then Bernie began to lick my ball sac, and the both of them sucking me really got me hot!"

Mark was just as hot. They had come to a small clearing where some trees had been cut down. Mark sat down on one of the stumps and Teddy sat on another one.

"So what happened then?" Mark asked breathlessly.

"Well, Bernie lay down on the floor and Mr. Graves knelt over him so Bernie could lick his ass. This made Mr. Graves..."

"Lick his ass!" Mark gasped.

"Sure, it's great, didn't you know?"

Mark shook his head silently, as Teddy continued the narrative.

"So Mr. Graves is sucking my cock while Bernie is eating his ass. I guess he got awfully hot, Mr. Graves, I mean, 'cause he suddenly stopped and told Bernie to fuck him. So Bernie swung around so his cock was under Mr.

Graves' ass, and Mr. Graves sat down on it slowly, since Bernie's cock is so big. He kept my prick in his mouth as he was getting into position, but he wasn't really sucking it."

"He shoved the boy's big cock up his ass?" Mark was shocked again.

"Sure. I guess you've never done that, but that is good, too. And Bernie started jerking Mr. Graves' cock. Bernie was lying between my legs, see, and I could see him playing with Mr. Graves and see Bernie's cock going into Mr. Graves' ass. That got me really excited, almost as much as you..."

Teddy broke off.

Mark flushed, but the scene he envisioned made him ignore his embarrassment. "Go on, Teddy," he choked. He could see that Teddy was aroused again by reliving the experience. His erection stood out sharply in the pants he was required to wear. Mark tried to adjust the stiff cock in his own pants for more comfort.

"Mr. Graves started moving up and down on Bernie's cock and kind of moaning, but my cock was in his mouth and he couldn't say much. Bernie was also pretty happy and started saying things like, 'My hot cock in your tight ass' and things like that. And he kept staring at Mr. Graves'

cock that he was jerking. 'Give me your hot cum,' he kept begging. I guess he was hoping to swallow his cum when Mr. Graves was ready."

"I couldn't stand still by this time, 'cause Mr. Graves is such a good cocksucker. I started sort of pushing in and out of his mouth as he was going up and down on Bernie's prick. Mr. Graves put his hands on my ass and started pulling me toward him. He was pretty excited, with a cock up his ass and another one in his mouth. Anyway, the up and down movements with the in and out movements really got me going and I couldn't hold back. I started to cum in his mouth, and I guess I groaned and shoved hard into him, and this set Bernie off. He started to shoot in Mr.

Graves' ass and moaning, 'Hot cum in hot ass', and so forth. I just kept pumping my jism into Mr. Graves' sucking mouth."

"I guess Bernie's big prick jerking and shooting in his ass set off Mr. Graves, 'cause he started spurting cum all over Bernie's belly and chest.

Bernie kept jerking it hard, but none of the cum reached his lips. It ran down over his hand which was soon dripping with creamy jism."

Mark could stand it no longer. He took out his rigid cock and began to jerk it wildly. Teddy stared at the thick cock but made no move for it.

He continued the story after a moment's pause.

"By this time I had stopped cumming, but Mr. Graves held my cock in his mouth, bouncing up and down, until he finally stopped cumming himself.

Then he pulled away and sort of sagged, with Bernie's prick still up his ass. Bernie hadn't got any cum yet, so he licked Mr. Graves' load off his hand and scooped it up from his belly and chest so he could have it all.

Mr. Graves just closed his eyes, looking pretty happy."

Teddy paused for a moment, watching Mark jerking his cock.

"And that's why I say Mr. Graves is like you."

CHAPTER SIX

Mark's aching balls and throbbing prick caused him to ignore the significance of Teddy's comment.

"Teddy, come here and suck this! I need your hot mouth, Teddy! Please!"

Mark demanded.

Teddy did not move to obey immediately. Instead he took out his own cock and began to stroke it while watching Mark masturbating. He stood directly in front of the policeman, watching solemnly.

"Will you suck me like Mr. Graves did?" he asked softly.

Mark groaned. "I'm not a cocksucker! I can't do that! Please, Teddy, blow me!" He was becoming more and more anxious for the soft, full lips to close over his cock and give him that exquisite thrill that only Teddy could give.

Teddy moved closer, never taking his eyes from Mark's huge prick. He jerked his own cock slowly, as if hypnotized by the jerking hand and prick.

"Please, Teddy!" Mark pleaded.

"Will you jerk me off then?" Teddy persisted.

"Yes, yes, anything, but please suck my hot prick before I lose my mind!"

Mark groaned desperately.

Teddy moved close so Mark could reach his cock, but did not lower his head. Mark realized that he would not suck him until Mark took the boy's cock in his hand. The stiff cock was only inches away, and was moist from pre-cum juice on the tip.

Hesitantly, Mark took the boy's prick in his hand. It was velvet-smooth and rigid, but the soft skin moved easily. This was the first cock other than his own that he had ever held; his own prick lurched with sudden excitement from the thrilling contact. And as he grasped it and moved his hand slowly, Teddy's entire body tensed in response. The boy's eyes closed for a moment as if to fix the sensation in memory.

Mark had stopped his own manipulation as he fondled the boy. His huge cock jerked and throbbed in the air.

Teddy's eyes opened and he gazed at the thick prick. He licked his lips and bent to take it in. As he engulfed the cockhead, Mark groaned and stiffened. As Teddy worked his way down the cockshaft, Mark gripped the boy's cock fiercely and began to jerk it rapidly.

"Oh, yes, Teddy! Take my cock! Suck it! Suck it hard!"

Teddy sucked hard. The man's hand on his cock further excited him. He cupped Mark's balls and rode up and down on the thick cockshaft, loving the smoothness and stiffness and throbbing of the prick in his mouth.

"Suck my balls now! Take them into your hot mouth!"

Teddy shifted his attention to the big, heavy balls hanging low. He sucked each one into his mouth and lapped it gently before releasing it and replacing it with the other one.

Unconsciously, Mark also shifted to Teddy's balls, fondling them between his fingers. The boy's balls were smaller than his own but felt full and tense. Mark could almost feel the boy's excitement and impending release.

Teddy began to stroke the wet cock as he sucked the balls. This brought another groan from Mark.

"Teddy, I'm going to cum!"

Teddy immediately abandoned the tightening balls and dove down hard on Mark's throbbing prick, not wanting to miss a drop of cum.

"Yes, suck me hard now! I'm going to shoot in your mouth! Suck it -- suck it -- ahhhhh!"

Teddy took the first spurt deep in his throat and choked, but swallowed quickly and took the rest without mishap. The huge cock gushed into his suctioning mouth, Mark groaning with every spurt.

In his excitement, Mark gripped Teddy's cock fiercely to the point of pain. Suddenly the cock jerked and spurted cum over his clenched hand while the man gushed into Teddy's mouth. The warm sticky jizz further excited Mark and Teddy moaned and hummed with joy as he took the hot load. The pain increased the thrill of orgasm -- an added stimulation.

As Mark's climax started to recede and he again became aware of his surroundings, he realized that he had jerked off the boy. He abruptly withdrew his hand as Teddy took the last dribbles of the man's cum. Mark sat up, pushing Teddy away.

Teddy's sad eyes bored into Mark's. He needed intimacy, but he was rejected. Mark ignored the pleading eyes. He shook his hand, trying to dislodge the clinging cum. Silently Teddy handed Mark his handkerchief.

Mark wiped his hand distastefully and threw the handkerchief down.

He avoided the boy's eyes. He stood up, put his softening cock back in his pants, and said gruffly: "It's time we were getting back."

Teddy silently adjusted his clothing and they walked back toward the home without conversation. When they were almost there, Teddy asked softly,

"Will you visit me again?"

"Yes, I guess so," Mark grunted, stony-faced.

Mr. Graves was in the office when they returned.

"Well, did you have a nice walk?" he asked. Mark thought he detected a note of sarcasm.

"Yes, it was fine," Mark responded shortly. Teddy was silent as usual.

"I will probably see you next week, then," Mark said to Teddy.

"All the boys like to have visitors," Mr. Graves said dryly.

Mark said his goodbyes and left to drive back to the city. All the way home he fought with himself. His need for Teddy was becoming stronger, but his mind resisted. He wasn't queer, he kept saying to himself. And yet he had thrilled to touch the boy's hard cock with the velvet skin, and Teddy's full red lips around his cock brought him to heights of ecstasy he could find nowhere else. He had to stop seeing him, and yet he was drawn back again and again by an irresistible force.

CHAPTER SEVEN

On the following Saturday Mark drove to the village near the home and rented a motel room. He left his overnight bag in the room, which was just off the swimming pool. There were few guests at the motel, it seemed.

He showed his badge at the gate of the Home Grounds and they allowed him to drive to Cottage C. Mr. Graves was in the office.

"Back again, eh?"

"Yes, is Teddy here?" Mark responded coldly.

"Oh, yes, he's around, and is expecting you, I think." He did not offer to bring Teddy in.

"Is it OK to take Teddy out of the confines of the home for the afternoon? I will be responsible for him, of course."

Mr. Graves looked curiously at the police officer and a leer came over his face.

"We're not hospitable enough for you?"

"I just think it would be good for him to get away for a while," Mark said, thoroughly irritated by the man's bureaucratic manner and knowing attitude.

"Just because you're a policeman, you think you can bend the rules?"

"Is it against the rules?" Mark demanded.

Mr. Graves grunted. "It's left up to our discretion."

There was a moment of silence. Gradually it occurred to Mark that he was tacitly suggesting a bribe. Mark became angry.

"Maybe I should talk to Bernie as well while I am here," Mark said with a matching sneer on his face.

Mr. Graves stared at Mark, the color draining from his face.

"You know Bernie?" he gulped.

"Not really, but I know quite a lot about him," Mark responded confidently.

Mr. Graves' expression became sullen. Had Teddy reported what was going on in the dormitory? Reluctantly he decided not to antagonize Mark.

"Well, I suppose it will be all right to take Teddy outside for the afternoon. Will you still want to see Bernie?"

"I guess that won't be necessary," Mark replied with a smirk.

The counselor's face was dripping with perspiration. With relief he walked into the next room and returned with Teddy.

"Mr. Graves said it would be OK if we left the home for the afternoon,"

Mark said to Teddy after their hellos. "Do you have a bathing suit? I thought we might go for a swim."

"Oh, sure!" Teddy was enthusiastic. "I'll get it," and he dashed back into the dormitory.

Mr. Graves smiled his weak sneer until Teddy returned. Then he wrote a note for Mark to show at the gate, and Mark and Teddy departed. Mark was in a hurry to reach the motel.

"How has Mr. Graves been treating you?" Mark asked.

"He's OK. He seems friendlier now."

"Now?"

Teddy hesitated. "We had sex twice this week, and he gives me two desserts sometimes and kind of pats my head when the other guys aren't looking."

Mark's teeth clenched. That bastard could have Teddy any time he wanted him, but Mark had to jack off!

"Of course we have plenty of sex anyway, with or without Mr. Graves."

"We? Who's we?" Mark asked.

"The rest of the guys in the dorm."

"You boys have sex together, too?" Mark gasped, almost driving off the road.

"Sure. Some of the guys don't know much about it yet, but they are learning. They all like to play with Bernie 'cause he's got such a big cock, but last night we finally got Roger's pants off, and he's even bigger than Bernie!"

Mark was becoming aroused. "But what do you do -- jack each other off?"

"Well, sometimes, but last night Bernie came sneaking over to my bunk after lights out and we were playing with each other, sort of stroking and jerking slowly, you know? And then little George comes over and wants to play. He's just starting to get pubic hair and his cock isn't very big, but he is sure sexy for a little kid. His little hands are so soft and kind of awkward, but somehow that makes it more exciting when he strokes both Bernie and me. His head is right down next to my cock, and I can feel his hot breath. But then Bernie decided to try something new."

"Have you ever seen Roger in the shower?" Bernie says, and I say no, 'cause Roger always seems to wait until nobody's around to take a shower."

"Then George says, 'I did just yesterday.' I guess Roger thought George was too young to matter. 'He's got more than even you guys,' he added."

"Bigger than Bernie's?" I asked, and Roger insisted.

"'Let's sneak over and take a look,' Bernie suggested, so we quietly tiptoed over to his bunk and gently stripped down the blanket. Roger was asleep, but he had a hard-on in his pajamas, a big boner stretching the pants up tight."

"I motioned for the other guys to keep quiet, and very slowly and gently I unfastened his pajama bottoms and spread the fly. George had a tiny flashlight, and we all knelt on the floor, trying to hold our breaths so as not to wake Roger up. Roger's a real solid and muscular guy, really athletic, and seemed pretty tired out from playing baseball or something."

"Anyway, I finally got my hand on that stiff cock, and was it big and thick! Almost as big as yours! At first I was afraid to really grip it, but Roger didn't move or wake up, so I slowly eased it out from the loose pants. We all gulped as George shone his light on that throbbing prick."

Mark was very aroused, and began sweating.

"Bernie wanted to hold it, and there was room for both our hands on the long cock. We didn't dare stroke him, but just held that hot cock in our hands like a baseball bat. And then George put his hand over the shiny knob which was beginning to throb and expand even more."

"All of a sudden a deep moan comes from Roger, who we thought was asleep.

'Now that you got it out, isn't one of you going to suck it?'''

"For a minute we all three just stared at him. George's flashlight shook, but we could see one eye open and looking at us from Roger's pillow. Then we all three bumped our heads as we dove to take that big cock in our mouths. Bernie and I finally let George get first crack at it, 'cause he's the youngest, but after a while we gently urged him up. He could only take the cockhead and a little of the shaft, and that wasn't going to be enough for Roger! So Bernie gobbled it up as George and I watched, jerking our cocks."

"Roger raised up on his elbows to watch the three of us. I could see him looking at Bernie's stiff prick with particular interest. Bernie was bending

over the bed and stroking his cock as he sucked, and he sometimes just caressed Roger's long cock with his fingertips. Bernie dove down hard and took that entire thick prick into his throat and stayed down.

Roger stiffened with that sucking pressure and finally grabbed Bernie's cock in his excitement. He pulled the hard cock in a rough fist calloused from working the garden. He began to jerk it back and forth and moaning from the hot mouth."

"After a minute Bernie raised up to get a breath and Roger pulled him over, taking his cock into his mouth. This was a real surprise, 'cause Roger never showed any signs of liking cock before. But he sure took to it fast! He latched onto the big, spongy cockhead and then took the whole thing gradually as we watched."

One of Mark's hands was on the wheel; the other was rubbing his crotch.

"But in the meantime, his big beautiful cock was waving in the air, and I was getting pretty hungry for it. By this time some of the other guys had woke up and were gathering around the bunk to get into the action. I bent over and took that thick prick in my mouth; it was still moist from Bernie's saliva, and it throbbed in my mouth. Just then somebody gulped down my cock -- I think it was Jeff but I'm not sure. He's getting pretty good at sucking. He sat on the floor between my legs and sucked me as I was bending over the bed sucking Roger."

"Roger's got real big balls, too. There isn't any hair on the ball sac, but I could fondle them as I worked my way down that thick cockshaft.

Pretty soon my nose was buried in his pubic hair and his cockhead was deep in my throat. That cock was really juicy and hot, almost jumping out of my mouth every time I raised up to lick the head."

"Georgie put his face down next to mine so he could see the thick prick going in and out of my mouth. That really turns him on. I moved up a little so he could lick the ball sac. I could feel him jerking his own cock wildly against my leg. By this time the bunk was surrounded with guys jerking off, although some were sucking those hot cocks. I couldn't see much with so

much cock to suck. Jeff was getting me pretty close to coming also. Somebody was feeling around my ass and then put his finger in. That really got me going! All the guys were groaning and gasping, hot and horny."

"Roger started to jerk his hips and twitch his legs, and I knew it wouldn't be long. Bernie was really shoving his big cock in Roger's face and Roger was taking it like a man. And then his whole body began to twist and turn and he began to groan, although his mouth was full of stiff cock. Everybody started getting close to climax, I could tell, including me. But Bernie got there first."

"Ahhhh!" he moaned and thrust deep into Roger's throat. Roger choked and sputtered with that first load, but then began to spurt his own into my mouth! It was hot and sweet and creamy, and I had trouble taking it all.

Every spurt was strong, like Roger had been waiting for that blow-job for a long time, and I guess he had. He jerked upward, nearly choking me with that huge cock and the thick cum."

"A couple more of the guys arrived then, I guess, 'cause I heard loud moaning. And then Georgie stiffened and moaned too, and I could feel his cum squirting on my leg! His first cum! Boy, was he happy! And that brought me off. I squirted into Jeff's hot mouth and he gurgled happily, pulling me to him and sucking it all down. I was really flying with the thick cock spurting into my mouth, my own cock coming into Jeff, and Georgie's jizz dribbling down my leg, to say nothing of the other guys jerking off."

"I looked up and it seemed like a storm of cum beating down on Roger's twisting body. At least six guys were shooting all over his chest and belly and one was squirting on his face. He ignored it all, concentrating on taking Bernie's big load and giving me his own. I guess Georgie stopped coming then, 'cause he began licking up the hot cum as it squirted on Roger and getting some on his face as they continued to shoot."

"Then Bernie started to taper off and so did Roger. I held that thick cock in my mouth as it softened, but Bernie bent down and kissed Roger on the lips, getting some fresh cum on his face. Roger was startled at first, but then began to return the kiss with real affection, it seemed.

Then we all sort of sagged, bushed from the last few minutes of soaring sex, but really happy. Bernie and Roger held their kiss a long time and then were whispering together. I guess they are going to be special friends from now on."

Mark's cock was rock-hard and cramped painfully in his pants. The picture of ten or so teenagers sucking cock and jacking off together was enough to bring him off in his pants, but he held on. He wanted Teddy's lips around his thick cock when it spurted. He nearly held his breath until they arrived at the motel.

CHAPTER EIGHT

As they changed clothes, Mark was nervous. As soon as he could, he dove into the pool to cool off.

Teddy was a good swimmer, and dove down to the bottom of the pool, swimming under water easily, showing off for Mark's benefit. They competed to see which one could stay under water the longest. Teddy's laughing face and gamboling antics pleased Mark. But watching the muscular boy in the bikini flashing through the water did not help to soften his cock. It remained semi-hard and ready at a moment's notice to come completely to life.

Mark was floating, trying to regain control, and Teddy was underwater somewhere. Suddenly he surfaced between Mark's legs, planted a quick kiss on Mark's bulging crotch, and immediately dove under water again.

Mark was startled and looked around to see if anyone had been watching.

The pool area was still deserted except for them. Mark dove looking for Teddy and began to chase him. Teddy eluded him until Mark trapped him in a corner of the pool's deep end. He reached for him but Teddy slipped away. Mark's hand closed on the top of the bikini in front, and as Teddy moved away, the swim suit was pulled down. Teddy's cock sprang free and it was stiff and throbbing. Mark released him immediately.

They both came to the surface on opposite sides of the pool, staring hard at each other. Mark's cock was fully erect by then.

"I -- guess we should rest for a while," Mark said quietly.

Teddy grinned broadly at him. "Yes, let's go to the room for a while," he suggested playfully. They both climbed from the pool and dried themselves at the edge. Both erections were plainly in evidence, and they looked at each other hungrily, naked lust in their eyes.

Mark fumbled with the key in the door, but finally they were in. Both immediately stripped off their wet suits and dried their crotches, watching each other, their hard cocks bobbing in the air. Then the towels were dropped and they stood staring.

For the first time, Teddy initiated their lovemaking. He slowly walked over to Mark, dropped to his knees at his feet, and began to trail his moist tongue up and down along the sides of the huge cock. Mark groaned and grasped the boy's head, the silky blond curls soft to his rough fingers. Teddy's tongue set him on fire and his whole body began to tremble. Then Teddy began to stroke the moist cock with both hands as he licked the ball sac, looking up at Mark with that worshipful gaze that so excited Mark.

"Teddy," he said softly.

Teddy stopped licking for a moment. "Yes, sir?"

"I brought my uniform along."

Teddy's eye lit up. "Great! Would you put it on, please?"

Mark took the uniform from the overnight bag. He donned the shirt but left it unbuttoned. He put on the pants but did not fasten the belt or fly. His stiff prick protruded from the fly. He turned for Teddy's inspection.

Teddy stared at him, entranced. He fondled his stiff cock, looking at Mark with devotion in his eyes.

"The gun, too," he whispered.

Mark strapped on the gun in its holster. Teddy's hand rhythm increased, his cock dripping with excitement. Then he walked to Mark and dropped to his knees again.

To Mark's surprise, the boy began to lick Mark's bare toes and feet, kissing them and murmuring as his tongue intruded between the toes and along the sides of the feet. Mark had never experienced this before, and he moaned

with the thrill of the devoted service. Then Teddy gently raised his foot and took all the toes into his mouth, sucking strongly.

Mark groaned and trembled from joy. Then Teddy did the same with the other foot, his gaze directed upward at the uniformed policeman with his gun at his side, whose rigid prick was protruding gloriously. Teddy's cock dragged over the carpeting, dribbling pre-cum.

Mark stood completely still as Teddy began to lick the uniform trouser legs, sucking the tough material into his mouth and then moving to a new spot further up. Eventually he moved to the back and worked his way up to the ass. He pushed his face between Mark's asscheeks and blew his hot breath through the material. His hands fumbled with the one button holding the pants in place, and soon the pants were loose. Keeping the gun belt in place, Teddy worked the pants down in back so that Mark's asscheeks were completely exposed.

He kissed and nibbled the firm, muscular buns as Mark moaned. Then he gently pushed Mark down to bend at the waist so that the man's asscrack was exposed. Teddy licked around the crack in circles, working his way to Mark's asshole. When he reached it he kissed and licked the tight opening tenderly.

"Ughhhh!" Mark groaned. "Oh, God!" he cried as the boy's tongue probed deeper. He had never known such excruciating pleasure! The beautiful boy was eating his asshole, his most tender place, and his whole body responded.

Teddy attacked the asshole more vigorously, licking hard and attempting to insert his tongue. As he worked, the ass muscles relaxed and he was able to push past the puckered ring. Mark groaned loudly, his knees trembling. Teddy grasped the policeman's huge, throbbing cock and began to stroke it roughly, increasing the delirium. After a moment the prick jerked powerfully.

Teddy's hand stopped its movement. He was afraid Mark would climax and deprive him of the pleasure he desired. Reluctantly he left the tempting

asshole and moved around to the front. He dove down on the throbbing prick, taking almost all of it in his mouth and throat.

Mark grunted and thrust deep. The hot mouth set his balls to churning. He had waited a week for this, and he could barely stand the pleasure now.

Nothing -- his hand, a queer he was arresting, nothing could compare with the ecstasy Teddy could produce with his lips and cheeks and tongue!

But Teddy had something else in mind. He knew Mark was close to orgasm, so he stopped sucking and switched to Mark's balls. Mark grasped the boy's head, moving it from ball to ball, caressing the soft hair voluptuously.

Then Teddy stopped and rose to his feet. Mark looked at him in surprise, but Teddy walked to the bed and lay face down, his legs spread widely.

"Will you fuck me, Mark?" he asked looking back over his shoulder.

Mark was shocked. "Fuck you? In the ass, you mean?"

"Yes, please! Please stick your big cock into me with your uniform on!"

Mark stared in disbelief at the boy, but slowly pulled his pants up around his hips, buttoning them and adjusting the gun belt. He looked at Teddy's trim ass standing so proudly, and the hairless asshole he was being asked to violate. How could his big cock enter that tiny ass? He knew it would be very painful for the boy!

"Are you sure, Teddy?"

"Oh, yes, please!" Teddy's ass was moving from side to side excitedly.

"Please, sir, fuck me!"

Still uncertain, Mark knelt between the boy's spread legs. Teddy deposited some saliva in his hand and spread it over his asshole. Then he spread more on Mark's throbbing cockhead. The wet hand stroking his cock almost brought Mark to his climax.

"Now push it in, sir. Fuck my ass!"

Mark could see the puckered opening. He placed the broad cockhead against it and pushed gently. Nothing happened.

"Harder!" demanded Teddy.

Mark pushed and maintained pressure for a moment. To his amazement the cock entered the boy! Teddy moaned and stiffened, then again relaxed, but said nothing.

Mark continued to push steadily and the cock gradually disappeared into the boy's smooth asshole. As he advanced, Mark began to feel the warmth of the boy's inner core, and it seemed to caress him with velvet fingers.

"Oh, yes," moaned Teddy happily. "All the way, please!"

Mark couldn't stop now. He shoved hard, and the entire cock was engulfed by the boy's hot ass. Mark's uniform pants grated against the boy's ass as the policeman shoved hard against the creamy asscheeks, his mind reeling with the intense sensation. Teddy began to twist and move his ass in circles around the impaling cock, and Mark almost came from that action alone. The gun holster dragged along Teddy's asscheek.

"Fuck me hard -- please, sir!" Teddy groaned.

Mark had no choice. He began to thrust violently into the welcoming ass.

Teddy rose invitingly to meet every thrust. The boy was thrilled with the man prick, thrusting in and out. The policeman trembled with lust and joy. Teddy could do anything, be anything, that a woman could, but he was still a man, or would be when he was a little older.

"Oh, Teddy, it's so tight, so hot, so smooth..." Mark heard himself say, as he pounded his throbbing cock joyfully into the boy. The hot ass channel seemed to grasp and release him as he plunged in and out.

"Do I make you happy?" Teddy grunted between thrusts.

"I've never -- felt anything so great!" Mark groaned.

"I -- love your cock in me, sir," Teddy responded as best he could.

"I'm going to cum Teddy -- cum in your hot ass!"

The last words were groaned as his orgasm came on like a freight train, sweeping everything with it. His entire body was wrenched with joy as his balls fired their cum like missiles into the boy's tight, hot ass.

"Aggghhhhhh!" Mark shouted, filling the boy full of his cum, his huge cock throbbing against the walls of the boy's hot ass. Mark shoved hard, pressing the boy into the mattress and the boy's cock into the bed so that it spurted its load onto the coverlet. Teddy moaned with joy as he felt the man cumming and his own spurts begin. With each thrust, Teddy's smile grew broader. He knew he was making Mark happy. The giving and receiving was the most pleasurable experience in life to him.

Mark's orgasm began to wane and he collapsed on Teddy's back, his face coming to rest beside Teddy's on the bed. The soft blonde hair tickled his cheek as his last dribbles oozed into the boy. The buttons on his shirt made marks on Teddy's back, but Teddy could also feel the bristly black chest hairs, and the cock still in his ass seemed as big and hard as ever. To be under the policeman, feeling the uniformed body stretched out on top of him, was supreme joy in itself.

Teddy turned toward Mark, gasping only inches away. He kissed the cheek lovingly, thrilling to the beginnings of an afternoon beard. Mark did not react, so Teddy kissed him again. Very faintly Teddy whispered, "I love you," in Mark's ear.

Mark's brain was still reeling. He had never had such an experience, where his entire body contrived to bring him to the pinnacle of passion.

Even now the boy's ass was gripping and caressing his cock, which refused to soften. He heard the whispered words only vaguely.

As his brain righted itself, he abruptly turned away from the boy. He prick wanted more but his brain was rejecting it. He had to get free! The boy was a devil! He jerked his stiff prick from the warm ass.

Teddy felt empty. He turned toward Mark, who was staring at his cock as if he had never seen it before. Then Mark looked at Teddy, at the soft blond hair in his eyes now, the full lips that had whispered those three words. He saw love in the blue eyes, love deeper than he had even experienced before. They seemed to draw him, hypnotize him -- he had to get away!

Mark rose abruptly and went to the bathroom. He stood under the pounding shower for nearly twenty minutes, trying to calm his mind and get his bearings. Gradually his cock grew limp and his breathing returned to normal, but he still could not face the obvious profound involvement with the boy.

Finally he turned off the water and pulled the curtain aside to look directly into those haunting blue eyes. Teddy was becoming anxious about him.

"Are you all right?" he asked softly.

Mark's only defense was coldness. "Of course -- why shouldn't I be?" he responded brusquely.

Teddy sighed and turned away. Obviously Mark had not changed. He could be intimate and loving only during sex. Would it always be that way?

Teddy also showered and, as he dried his body, saw that Mark was already dressed in civilian clothes again.

"We must get back to the home. It will soon be time for your dinner," he said gruffly.

Teddy dressed silently and they returned to the home.

"Will I see you next weekend?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't know whether I can make it or not," Mark replied shortly. He dropped him off at the gate and returned to the motel.

He opened the motel room door and stood staring at the room. This was where it had happened. There was no sign now except for a wet spot on the coverlet where Teddy must have cum while Mark was [missing text].

Mark stripped off his clothes and put on his wet swim suit. He dove into the pool which now seemed cold. He swam several laps, trying to tire himself, free himself of the battle raging in his head. When he was fatigued he dragged himself from the pool and dressed for dinner.

The menu was simple but the food was quite good. The waiter was a young man with a mustache who looked the policeman over carefully and appreciatively. The young man's pants were a little too tight, and as he walked away from the table he added a little extra wiggle to the trim ass.

Mark almost fled from the dining room. Could the waiter spot him? Could he tell that he was interested in sex with men? Did he really look queer?

He hurried through his meal, avoiding the young man's eyes, and returned to his empty room.

The wet spot in the coverlet was still there, drying around the edges. He yanked the spread from the bed and tossed it in a corner. He removed his clothes and lay on the blanket, trying to watch TV, but nothing interested him. There was a police show on one channel, but the actors wore their uniforms in such a way that he could almost see their cocks bulging in their pants. Was everybody queer?

He switched off the TV and tried to sleep. Immediately his cock reared high, the bed reminding him of Teddy, his nude body stretched out for him, his hot ass grasping and caressing his stiff cock, his lips whispering, "I love you."

Furious with himself, Mark retrieved the coverlet from the corner and masturbated into the spot where Teddy had cum a few hours before. As his cum spurted into the spread, Mark groaned, "Teddy!" and watched his jism merge with Teddy's.

Then he fell into a fitful sleep.

It must have been after midnight when Mark was awakened by a quiet knock on his door. He sleepily staggered to the door and opened it. Standing there was the waiter from the dining room, apparently finished with work.

Mark stared at him for a moment in silence. The waiter just looked up at Mark with a faint smile. Then Mark turned and walked back to the bed, the young man following. The door closed as Mark dropped to the edge of the bed, his cock hard, his balls hanging over the edge of the bed. Without undressing, the waiter fell to his knees in the dark room and took the throbbing cockhead into his mouth.

Mark lay back with a groan, the hot mouth bringing him to full wakefulness immediately. The young man rolled and fondled the pendulous balls as he moved down the shaft of the policeman's prick, thrilling to the thickness and the commanding stiffness. No words were spoken; none were needed.

The waiter choked as he tried to stuff the huge cockhead into his spasming throat. Again and again he tried to take it all, but it was too much. Suddenly Mark raised up and grasped the dark head firmly, shoving it down hard on his powerful cock. Again the young man choked, but Mark held him in an unyielding grasp.

Roughly he pushed and pulled the dark head on the stiff staff, fucking the young man's face unmercifully. The waiter struggled half-heartedly.

While it was difficult to breathe, it was also exciting to be used so roughly by the handsome, virile policeman with the huge cock. The cock grew still larger and its throbbing increased, aroused by the near rape of the young man.

"You wanted stiff cock -- you're getting stiff cock," Mark gritted, plunging deeply into the clenching throat. "Take that prick, you cocksucker -- fucking your face, pervert..."

The waiter struggled to release his own throbbing cock from his pants.

Finally it was free, but he could do nothing with it. His hands fought the rough fists of the policeman who insisted on closing his breathing passage

with that monster cock. Then he grasped Mark's balls and began to twist them, hoping to decrease the force of Mark's attack. Instead it seemed to increase the wild threshing and plunging. As he squeezed and twisted the balls, Mark increased the speed and strength of his rape.

"You're going to take cum, you faggot -- flood your throat with man-juice, you queer cocksucker bastard..."

Mark's voice rose to a shout as his first spurt shot powerfully into the gasping throat of the kneeling waiter. Again he choked, but this time the sweet cum soothed the roughness in his throat. He swallowed thankfully, the cum gushing wildly into his avid throat.

Mark's orgasm didn't last very long, since it was his third of the evening. A few good spurts and a couple of smaller ones and that was it.

The warm mouth held it gently as it softened.

Abruptly Mark sat up. "Get out," he snapped.

The young man sprang to his feet, replacing his cock in his pants as he walked to the door, and left the room quietly, Mark stared at the closed door for a minute, and then rose to fasten the night latch. As he returned to the bed, he noticed a small pool of cum on the floor where the waiter had knelt.

CHAPTER NINE

As Mark drove to work on Monday morning past the Drew Hotel, he noticed Dick's unmarked police car outside. The sergeant had not told him what assignment they would have that morning. On impulse Mark parked and looked into the coffee shop for Dick. He wasn't there.

Maybe he has decided to stake out the john by himself this time, thought Mark, so he walked to the storage room, opened the door quietly, and climbed the ladder to the vantage spot above the john, expecting to find Dick observing the men below. But no one was there.

Mark peered through the hole and was surprised to see Dick standing at the urinal in the room below. There was no one with him, and Mark was about to climb down, thinking he would talk to Dick about the plans for the day. Then a man walked into the john and stood at the urinal next to Dick. Mark decided to watch, in case his testimony would be needed later.

Dick was obviously playing with his cock, although Mark could not see it, but only his arm moving rhythmically.

The other man was obviously interested in Dick, or at least in what Dick was playing with. He was dressed in a plaid shirt with work shoes --

probably a construction worker, Mark decided. But he was about to walk into Dick's trap.

Dick smiled at the man once, and after that his attention was directed to the hard cock the man was working up. Dick turned toward him partly and Mark could now see the familiar stiff cock with the large, shiny cockhead. Dick dropped his hand, allowing his stiff prick to jut toward the man in the plaid shirt.

After a moment, the man slowly reached out and grasped Dick's cock in a burly fist, stroking it and massaging the cockhead. Dick stiffened with his hand contact, and Mark was about to leave his vantage point to make the

arrest. However, he could not enter the john without making noise, because of the squeaky door, and that would certainly stop the action.

Apparently Dick had decided to make the arrest himself, so Mark continued to watch.

The construction worker was turned toward Dick and a very large, thick cock came into Mark's view. The cockshaft was as broad as Mark's, which was rising in his pants, but the head was somewhat smaller.

As Mark watched, Dick extended his hand and began to stroke the man's big cock, just as the man was doing for him! Soon they were jerking off each other!

Then Dick grasped the man's heavy balls and rolled them in his fingers.

His other hand stroked the rigid cock of the construction worker.

Then the man abruptly grasped Dick's fist, stopping the action.

Apparently he didn't want to cum yet. Instead, he dropped to one knee and began to suck Dick's cock avidly. Surely Dick would arrest him now! But Dick merely leaned back, tilting his pelvis toward the sucking mouth. The construction worker was good -- he sucked all that long cock into his throat, then rode almost all the way up, and then back down all the way.

Dick's face wore a happy smile. Mark had seen enough.

He silently climbed down from his vantage point, left the storeroom, and approached the john door. He prepared himself for a rapid entrance.

When he was ready, he burst through the door and around the corner into the urinal room.

He had been too fast for the cocksucker, who was still on one knee and just raising his head from Dick's cock as Mark rushed in. Dick looked as startled and shocked as the construction worker; both froze in their positions for a moment.

Mark pulled out his badge and snarled, "You're under arrest!"

The construction worker stared for a moment and then sagged. Slowly he rose to his feet, his thick prick still protruding lewdly.

Dick rapidly recovered. After a moment of confusion, he growled, "That's right, cocksucker -- we're policemen and you're under arrest for lewd and lascivious!" As he spoke, he replaced his cock in his pants and zipped up over the hard bulge.

The construction worker stared at Dick. "But you -- you were playing with me -- you're gay, too!"

"Nonsense! Put your filthy cock away and come with us!" Dick face was flushed but he was confident of his ground.

Mark put handcuffs on the crestfallen young man. He was trapped and he knew it.

"Look, officer, I have a wife and two kids. Isn't there some other way?"

"You should have thought about that before you tried to pick me up," Dick snarled. The detective pushed him out the door and led him to Dick's police car.

"You had better come with me, Mark. This guy might make some trouble,"

Dick said after the man was locked in the back seat of the car. So Mark left his own car where it was and accompanied them to the station. There was no trouble, and this time Dick did not try to make conversation with the man. There was no need, since Mark would testify as an eyewitness.

The construction worker slumped in a corner dejectedly.

They booked the man and retired to the office to make out the report.

"Uh, Mark -- uh -- were you upstairs watching or did you just happen to come in the john?"

Mark had been expecting this question. He had to protect Dick, so he pretended that he had not seen Dick return the man's approach.

After only a moment of hesitation, Mark answered with a bland face, "No, I just happened to see your car at the curb and went to the john to see if there was anything to report. I saw him starting to go down on you as I walked in. That's all we can report."

Dick tried to be casual but Mark could see that he was greatly relieved.

And that's the way the report was written. Dick gave Mark a couple of curious looks that morning, but by lunchtime was his old cheerful self.

They ate lunch together at their usual cafeteria. Dick was extolling the virtues of a new bar he had discovered which supposedly had a good crop of girls hanging around. Mark interrupted the tale.

"By the way, Dick, you've been talking about going fishing some weekend.

How about this coming weekend? I have nothing planned so far," Mark suggested.

Dick stared at him for a moment, attempting to figure an angle, if there was one. Then he said, stammering a little, "Sure! Great! I know just the place -- a good trout stream miles from anybody. We can drive there Saturday morning and stay the night. I've got all the equipment, but bring your own fishing pole and lures. That will be great!"

Mark thought he was a little overenthusiastic, but now he wanted to find out more about Dick. That decided, they picked up Mark's car, which had a parking ticket on the windshield.

"Doesn't the cop on the beat know my car when he sees it," Mark grumbled.

"Now I'll have to get the sergeant to cancel this ticket off the books."

At that point the radio in Dick's car called them. They were asked to return to the station house.

"What for?" asked Dick.

"We need to expedite your report of your arrest this morning. Somebody forgot to take the prisoner's belt from him in the lockup, and he hung himself," cackled the radio.

CHAPTER TEN

Bright and early Saturday morning, Dick drew up in front of Mark's apartment with his station wagon loaded with all sorts of camping equipment. Mark had only his fishing gear and a change of clothes.

"Who is going to pack all that stuff to the mountains, Dick? Isn't this place a long way from the road?"

"Naw, it's not far. I know a good spot."

But when they arrived in the vicinity, it was obvious that Dick really knew little about the locale. The road gradually petered out and became a dirt track. When they were afraid to drive any further, they stopped and got out of the car.

Dick had a map, but the dirt road was not shown.

"I figure we must be about here," he said pointing, "and the river should be in that direction."

"How far?" Mark queried.

Dick only shrugged.

"The only way to find out is to start walking."

Reluctantly, Mark sorted out the necessary from the unnecessary items that Dick had brought, since they could return for the nonessentials later if the river were near. They settled for fishing gear, sleeping bags, and a couple of pans for cooking the fish they hoped to catch.

It was only about two miles to the river, but it seemed much further, loaded as they were. However, the water was flowing rapidly down the sheltered valley, many rocks protruding from the surface. It looked like a good place for trout. There was no beach, so they decided to set up camp in a small

clearing near the river bank. By the time they arrived, it was beginning to get dark.

"We had better catch a couple of fish tonight or we won't have any dinner," Dick grumbled.

"Right," Mark responded. "That's the whole reason for the trip -- remember?"

Both set up their rods and started casting into the river. Dick caught a small trout almost immediately. They decided to keep it, since they might not catch another. But soon Mark caught a larger one, and by the time it was dark, they had four fish -- an adequate dinner.

Dick built a fire while Mark was cleaning the fish, and they fried them crackling brown. So far Dick had not seemed unusual, but it was obvious that he knew less about camping and fishing than he had implied.

Their stomachs full, they lay near the campfire, listening to the faint night sounds of the forest and the river.

"Too bad about that construction worker," Mark commented suddenly. The unfortunate incident was bothering him for some reason.

"Who? Oh, the guy we arrested Monday? Yeah, I guess he just couldn't face his wife after a thing like that. But that's the price they pay for their sex," Dick shrugged casually.

Mark was silent.

Dick cleared his throat. "Guess we had better get our sleeping bags laid out and turn in -- what do you say?"

"Yeah, sure," agreed Mark.

Dick unrolled the matching sleeping bags near the fire.

"It'll be cold before morning. We should zip them together to keep warm."

"OK," Mark said with no other comment.

After the sleeping bags were ready, Dick stretched and suggested they turn in. Mark started removing his clothes.

Dick stripped down. Mark undressed more slowly, waiting to see what Dick did. When the sergeant took off his underwear and climbed into the bags nude, Mark did the same.

There were several minutes of thick silence after they were settled.

"Sure is quiet out here. Probably no one for many miles around," Dick commented.

"No, we are certainly alone," Mark agreed.

Again there was silence. Then Dick started talking.

"Did I tell you about the redhead I met the other night? Boy, was she built! She's got knockers like..."

His voice droned on but Mark tuned him out, grunting at appropriate spots. Dick was describing his girl in great detail, most of which Mark had heard before. As he talked, Mark's mind returned to the day at the Drew Hotel, and the scene with Dick and the construction worker. The man's cock had been almost as big as Mark's, and Dick's hand had barely fitted around it. The two men jerking each other, aroused [missing text].

Dick suddenly interrupted his thoughts. "Hell, I've got a hard-on from thinking about that fucking redhead." Mark felt Dick begin to stroke his cock slowly. This was the moment!

"Yeah, I guess I'm getting that way, too," Mark said casually. He was surprised to realize that he did have an erection, but it certainly wasn't from Dick's recital of his exploits with the redhead.

There was silence for a moment.

"Sometimes the hand feels pretty good," Dick ventured. Mark pretended he did not know that Dick was masturbating.

"My hand doesn't do much for me anymore," Mark responded.

Another moment of silence.

"How about someone else's hand?" Dick suggested, not very subtly.

"That would certainly be better," Mark answered blandly. Immediately he felt Dick groping for his cock, and the fist seized his thick cock eagerly.

"God, that is big, Mark," Dick said somewhat breathlessly.

Mark lay still without comment.

"Guess that's why you're so good at your job," Dick continued. His hand was caressing the huge prick lovingly.

Mark turned toward Dick so the detective could fondle him better. Dick also turned toward Mark, his cockhead touching Mark's leg. Mark could feel Dick stroking and pressing his cockhead against Mark's hairy thigh.

After a moment Mark said, "The main trouble with the hand is that it's so dry."

"Well -- uh..." stammered Dick, "maybe I could wet it for you."

"It would sure be better if you could," Mark commented dryly.

Now that the moment had come, Dick couldn't make the next move. Mark helped him out.

"Your mouth would feel nice."

Dick was relieved. He scrambled down in the sleeping bag and took the throbbing cock into his mouth.

"Ahhhh, that feels much better," Mark sighed. He had to admit it did feel pretty good. Dick was apparently no novice. He licked around the big cockhead and then worked Mark's cock almost all the way down his throat, anxiously. He had been waiting for a long time for this moment!

Mark sat up enough to unzip the sleeping bags and threw back the top. He wanted to see Dick sucking his cock. Dick looked up at Mark questioningly, but did not stop the action. Mark returned his unspoken query with a blank expression. Dick continued his enthusiastic sucking and the jerking of his own prick.

Dick dove down and at that point, Mark thrust upward, jamming his prick into the detective's throat. Dick choked, but quickly recovered. Each time he went down, Mark shoved upward, intentionally giving him difficulty. Besides, it felt so good when he was lodged deep in that hot throat!

"Jesus, Mark," gasped Dick, "lie still! That huge cock is going to choke me!"

"Suck it, man -- suck that cock!" Mark snarled maliciously.

This seemed to excite Dick even more, and he attacked with renewed enthusiasm. His hand was lying on his own cock.

"Don't cum on the sleeping bag, man! Jerk off on the ground, cocksucker!"

Suck it all the way! Take that big prick!" Mark kept up a steady stream of commands, which elicited more and more vigorous sucking from Dick. It excited Mark also.

He spread his hairy legs to give Dick more opportunity to fondle his balls with his free hand. Dick was on his knees, his ass in the air, one hand flailing his own cock, the other squeezing Mark's balls, and his hot mouth sucking the huge prick of his police buddy. By the dim light of the dwindling fire, Mark could see beads of perspiration forming on Dick's forehead as he worked himself into a lather.

"Suck it, cop! That big prick is going to cum in your sucking mouth! All the way down, man! Suck that prick!" Mark barked commands. Dick did as he was told.

Mark's balls began to gather for the storm. His legs tensed and he thrust upward as his climax arrived.

"Take it, man! Take my hot cum! Ahhhhhh!" Dick took it greedily, slurping down the jizz of his police buddy.

Mark shoved the man's face down hard on his jetting prick. He could feel Dick's throat muscles spasm around the spurting cockhead, but he held him down firmly as he continued to gush into the hot mouth.

Despite Mark's caution, Dick's cock began to spurt over Mark's legs and the sleeping bag as he took the pearly cum and swallowed repeatedly.

"Suck it all down, cocksucker! My cum down your throat!"

Dick moaned with joy, taking the delicious jism as he shot his own over his buddy's hairy thighs.

Finally Mark released his pressure and lay back, completely drained.

Dick's cock gave a few more weak dribbles and then drooped, the climax over. Dick withdrew from Mark's softening cock and collapsed next to his buddy. It took several minutes to resume normal breathing.

"Wow, I've never done that before," Dick gasped.

Mark smiled to himself in the dark at the obvious lie.

"Thanks, Dick, it was great." Mark said calmly.

"You aren't -- uh -- mad at me, are you?" Dick asked hesitantly.

"Why should I be?" Mark replied. "We're buddies after all -- good cops, aren't we?"

"Yeah, good buddies! That's what buddies are for!" Dick agreed quickly.

"Now you had better clean up the mess you made in the sleeping bag so we can get some sleep -- right?" Mark was in full command now.

Dick scrambled to wipe up the jizz from the sleeping bag.

"There's some on my legs, too," Mark reminded him.

Dick carefully and caressingly wiped Mark's legs free of the cum.

Then Mark calmly turned on his side, his back to Dick, and said, "Good night."

"Good night, Mark," was the meek reply.

In the morning Mark awoke to a soft stroking of his morning hard-on.

Dick's smooth hand felt good and he moaned softly before he was entirely awake. Dick knew that he was awake and snuggled closer, his own stiff cock pressed between Mark's asscheeks.

As soon as Mark realized what was touching his asscheeks, he jerked away with a curse.

"What do you think I am? A faggot? Get away from me with that thing!"

Dick was crushed. He had thought that since Mark had allowed him to suck his cock, that maybe [missing text].

"I'm sorry, Mark, I didn't mean -- it's just that..."

Mark snorted. "You're still horny, aren't you? Didn't get enough of my prick last night? You want another stiff one this morning?"

Dick gulped and turned away. "You don't have to be so tough, Mark -- you liked it last night, didn't you?"

Mark grunted. "Better than a hand, I guess."

Dick looked a little happier, but didn't know how to proceed. They lay quiet for several minutes but neither moved from the warmth of the sleeping bags.

"Mark?"

"Yes?"

"You asked if I wanted another stiff one this morning. The answer is yes."

Mark's prick twitched against his leg. He might as well get some more sex from Dick while the opportunity was there.

"I thought you would," he said sarcastically.

His insulting tone seemed to increase Dick's desire. His breathing became more rapid and he began to tremble in anticipation.

"But not in your cocksucking mouth."

"What?" Dick asked in confusion.

"That's right. I'm going to fuck your fat ass this time."

Dick gasped. "No, Mark, please -- that huge prick of yours would split me wide open -- it's too big, Mark, please..."

Mark swung around suddenly, his open palm striking the cringing policeman on the cheek.

"You'll do what I tell you, faggot! Cocksucking, cop-sucking queer! Roll over on your belly!"

Dick's face reddened. Mark's aggressive attitude was turning him on, but his fear was real. He couldn't stand pain, and he was starting to become frightened of Mark. But without another word, he rolled onto his belly, his solid asscheeks trembling.

Mark looked down at the spread-eagled policeman. His hips were wide and the roll of fat around the waist was clearly visible. His long cock and pendulous balls could be seen under the hairy asscrack.

It certainly isn't Teddy, Mark thought. He remembered the trusting boy laid out for his pleasure -- the trim, muscular body, the hairless ass, the pink-white skin with the silky blond hair [missing text].

Now that Mark had decided to fuck him, Dick was becoming excited at the prospect. His hips twitched in anticipation, the asscheeks clenching and relaxing.

"Mark?" The voice was plaintive and muffled. "Yes?" Mark stroked his stiff cock, still thinking of Teddy.

"There's some grease in my leather bag." Mark grunted. "A little spit will do." Dick turned his head quickly.

"Oh, please, Mark -- please use some grease. You'll hurt me -- I'll bleed if you just shove it in..." Impatiently Mark fished in the bag and found some lubricating jelly. He smeared some on his thick, throbbing prick and left a gob in Dick's asscrack. Dick reached around and placed it in the tight asshole, dipping his finger in several times in an attempt to prepare himself for the invasion.

Mark watched him with building lust. Finally he snatched Dick's hand away.

"That's enough, faggot! You're just diddling yourself! Spread it wide'cause I'm coming in!"

Dick braced himself.

Mark moved over and placed his broad cockhead against the tiny asshole.

He pushed gently, without any progress. Dick moaned from the contact, already stirred and excited.

Mark had been gentle with Teddy, but this time he abruptly shoved hard, thrusting against the resistant muscles and ploughing his way deep into the struggling policeman! Dick screamed long and loud, the massive cock ripping his quaking ass.

"There's no one to hear, cocksucker," Mark grated. "Take that big cock and shove it!"

Dick gasped and swallowed noisily. Mark pulled partly out and rammed home again, but this time the lubrication was in place and the pain was not as severe. Again the enormous prick moved in and out, and a warmth began to develop in the invaded gut. As Mark established a rhythm, the warmth spread and the fullness became pleasant. The broad ass began to meet the savage thrusts with pleasure.

"Oh, yes," Dick breathed.

Mark grunted. "You like it, don't you, faggot? You like my big fat prick up your ass, don't you? You're a fucking brownie queen, aren't you, faggot? Take it deep, cocksucker!"

Mark's obscenities increased the pleasure for both of them. For Dick the insults added to the masochistic thrill of being assaulted by the handsome policeman with the huge prick. Dick reached back and spread his asscheeks wide.

"Oh, yes, fuck me, Mark -- shove it in me -- I love it! Harder! Fuck me, fuck me!"

Although the tight ass was hot pleasure, the obvious satisfaction that Dick was receiving made Mark furious. He was supposed to be punishing him -- or punishing himself in some way -- for being queer -- and the bastard was enjoying it!

He rammed harder and harder, his teeth rattling with the violence of his lunges, but Dick only begged for more.

"Beautiful -- stiff prick -- ploughing me -- fucking my ass -- filling me -- ugh -- beautiful!"

Mark's rigid frame slammed away at the writhing officer. His breath came in gasps in his effort to subdue and punish the queer, but then, without warning, his own violence overcame him. His prick jerked and spurted, filling the spasming ass, draining him dry suddenly and completely.

With the first spurt, Dick groaned and then cried out in joy. He regretted that the fuck would soon be finished, but the gushing cock in his ass had brought on his own climax, and again he soaked the sleeping bag with cum. Mark rammed his throbbing prick into Dick's ass repeatedly, and with each thrust his own cock discharged rapturously beneath him.

Mark nearly sobbed with frustration. He had climaxed, but it was not the satisfying, ecstatic rapture he had expected. Instead it was cold and hard, release without emotion, not like it was with Teddy.

Dick's face bore a happy smile. Mark's softening cock was still buried in his ass and his cum was running down his asscrack; his own orgasm had been a soaring, memorable experience. At last he had met his master and he would do anything to keep Mark to himself.

Abruptly Mark pulled out and rolled away with a growl. But Dick still smiled. There would be other times, he promised himself.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

After that weekend at the river, their relationship changed. Dick still made out the assignment roster and represented the vice squad for the department, but Mark usually made the detailed decisions. He was frequently rather short with Dick, a liberty made possible by the shared knowledge that Dick was gay.

Dick knew that Mark was manipulating him, but he had no choice. Since Mark had not shown any interest in being active himself, he could play a superior role. He didn't like it, but there it was. He was hoping for more fishing trips.

"Those trout were really good, fried outside fresh from the water. And that was a pretty good spot we found, so far away from civilization."

Dick continued to press as they rode together in a police car.

Mark was annoyed by his persistence.

"The next time we go fishing, I'm going to fuck your ass for two days straight," he said flatly, looking Dick in the eye.

Dick flushed. His eyes settled on Mark's crotch, where the usual bulge was prominent. Mark began to stroke the length with his fingertips and Dick became even more excited.

"Oh, yes, Mark -- whatever you want..."

Mark grunted but said nothing. After a few tense moments, Dick said plaintively, "You -- don't hold it against me, do you, Mark -- what we did in the mountains?"

"What you did, you mean," Mark said pointedly.

Dick fidgeted. "Well, you didn't fight me off, you remember."

Mark shrugged. "Forget it."

They lapsed into an uncomfortable silence. Then Dick changed the subject.

"What do you usually do on weekends?" Mark answered without thinking.
"I go to the juvenile home sometimes."

Dick looked at him curiously. "You mean the one where they send the juvenile criminals -- like that Teddy something-or-other? Do you go up to see him?" he demanded suspiciously.

Mark realized immediately that he had made a mistake to mention the home, but it was too late to change anything. He tried to act casual.

"Yes, I have taken an interest in him, and I also see his mother sometimes."

"But he's queer!" Dick sputtered, "And he's just a kid!"

Mark looked out the window. "He's basically a good kid. I may end up becoming his father."

"What?" Dick exploded.

Mark shrugged. "Who knows?"

They lapsed into silence.

"Mark," Dick gulped, "I could be really good for you, you know, if you'd give me a chance," Mark could see that Dick's knuckles were white as they gripped the steering wheel of their police car. Dick seemed to be driving aimlessly, needing the opportunity to talk to Mark, but Mark was being obstinate. He sat silent.

"Didn't I do a good job for you? Certainly better than that kid could do, right? I can take that big prick all the way down my throat anytime you want it, Mark. What do you say?"

Dick's clinging, effeminate whining was arousing Mark's anger, but also stimulating his sexual need. His cock began to push stiffly against his pants

from the knowledge of his power over the sergeant.

"You're a cocksucker, Dick -- that's what I say. And you're going to suck my cock right now to prove it. Drive to the park."

Dick turned sad eyes to Mark. "Why don't we go to your place, Mark? That would be a lot better, more private, you know..."

"Shut up and drive to the park," Mark said grimly. He unzipped his fly and pulled out his stiffening prick, waving it at Dick. Dick stared at the growing cock, gulped, and swung into the park, his own crotch bulging.

"Pull over next to the gay john," Mark ordered gruffly. His cock was throbbing in his fist. A few people were walking the paths alongside the road, but Mark ignored the possibility that they might see into the car.

"For God's sake, Mark..." Dick stammered.

"Shut up and pull over here," Dick growled. Dick parked at the curb near the men's room where Mark had arrested Teddy.

Mark straightened his legs under the police radio and his prick rose majestically from the packed crotch. Dick stared and began to drool.

Unthinkingly he took out his own rigid cock and stroked it tightly as he drew close to Mark's thick cockshaft.

"Suck it, cop!" Mark snarled as he fished out his heavy balls and spread his fly wide.

With a cry, Dick buried his head between Mark's legs, taking in the huge prick hungrily. His tongue whirled avidly along the throbbing underside as he sucked deeply. Mark grunted with reluctant pleasure, and thrust his hips upward to shove the cockhead deep into the policeman's throat.

"Take it, cocksucker! Suck the man prick in your cocksucking mouth! Show these queers walking by how a cop sucks a cock!"

Dick started to lift his head, alarmed by the suggestion that other people could see, but Mark shoved his head down hard, choking him momentarily.

"Don't stop, you cocksucking queer! Suck it until I tell you to stop!"

Roughly he pulled Dick over to his knees between his legs. Mark spread his legs and mashed his balls into Dick's chin as he forced his cock into Dick's mouth.

Mark's eyes drifted to the men's room and his thoughts turned to Teddy, the loving boy with the hot mouth, the soft lips and fine, blond hair.

His hand shoved even harder against Dick's plunging head as he compared Dick with Teddy. His cock throbbed in the hot throat. He could see Dick's hand moving swiftly on his own cock in front of the seat.

A man who looked vaguely familiar was walking in the path along the road, probably heading for the men's room. He passed near the car and glanced in at the violent scene in the front seat. His eyes popped and he stopped and stared in disbelief for a moment. Then Mark recognized him as the librarian whom he had arrested twice at the Drew Hotel. The librarian recognized the officers, also. Quickly he turned and hurried away, fearful of the consequences if he stayed to observe more.

Reluctantly, Mark allowed Dick to come up for air.

"God, Mark, I..." Dick gasped.

"Shut up!" Mark snapped. "Suck on my balls now, you prick-licker." He pressed his moist cock against the sergeant's face.

Dick almost sobbed as he avidly sucked each big ball into his mouth, his lips caressing, his eyes looking up at Mark with worshipful intensity.

Mark rubbed his wet cock over Dick's face, across his nose, into his eyes and ears while the lips and tongue were relishing his balls.

Mark's excitement was rising as he watched the police sergeant serving him in his special place, in public near Teddy's men's room.

"All right, cop, take my cock! Suck it deep! You're going to get that load of cum you want so much! Suck it, cocksucker!"

"Oh, yes, Mark," Dick gurgled and dove down on the thick cock, squeezing the moist balls in one hand. His other hand flew on his jerking prick, which was only inches off the floor. Mark thrust upward again and again, fucking the sergeant's face viciously.

The librarian's curiosity was too much to resist. He doubled back, walking nonchalantly down the path, pretending to be simply enjoying a stroll in the park. As he neared the car, he heard Mark snarl, "Suck that big prick! You're going to get my cum, cop! Cocksucking queer! Ahhhhh!"

The librarian gasped and his own cock lurched in his pants as he saw the handsome policeman thrust hard into the other cop's face, obviously spurting thick cum into the avid mouth of his buddy. Mark looked up at the librarian but his eyes were glazed with lust, his orgasm peaking, no thought of anything but the hot mouth swallowing his throbbing prick.

"Take it, fucker! Man-juice in your fairy mouth! Swallow my load!" Dick did his best, but his own cock was spurting on the floor at the moment, and his entire body was trembling with the impact of both orgasms. Mark shoved his head down hard, choking him deliciously.

The librarian stared for one more moment and then sped to the men's room to jack off into the urinal, his mind full of the scene in the police car.

Gradually Mark relaxed as the spurts became dribbles and then ceased entirely. Dick hummed happily, the softening cock still deep in his throat, until Mark abruptly pulled him up and shoved him away.

"All right, you've had it. Now get away from me."

Sheepishly Dick returned to his seat and looked around to see if they had been observed. By that time there was no one visible, since the librarian was spurting his cum into the smelly urinal at that moment. Both policemen replaced their cocks into their pants, and Dick shakily started the car.

"What's the assignment for today, Sergeant?" Mark asked dryly, as they drove slowly out of the park.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The following Saturday, Mark felt almost compelled to visit Teddy. He hadn't had that special sex for two weeks, and he was becoming increasingly frustrated. He drove to the village, rented a motel room, and again requested an outside pass for Teddy from Mr. Graves. The officer made no comment this time, but his leer spoke volumes.

Teddy greeted him with a smile. He had his swim suit with him in hopes of a repeat trip to the motel. Teddy seemed more relaxed with him and not so solemn. Mr. Graves was his usual surly self.

"You are becoming quite a swimmer these days, aren't you, Teddy," he suggested with a leer at Mark. "Do you always wear your suit when with your friend?"

Teddy looked a little embarrassed, and then looked at Mark for help.

"We do our swimming in public, Mr. Graves. We don't all have the luxury of private interviews with young boys in the middle of the night," Mark responded.

Mr. Graves flushed. "Just what are you implying?" he demanded.

"Nothing, nothing at all, any more than you were suggesting anything special by your remarks. Come on, Teddy." Mark urged Teddy out the door.

Teddy looked confused.

"Did you bring your uniform this time?" he asked as soon as they were in the car.

"Yes," Mark answered. "What is this thing you have about uniforms?"

Teddy stared out the window silently for a moment.

"I suppose it goes back to the first time..."

"First time?" Mark insisted.

"Well, there was this guy, John, a friend of my father's, who used to visit us. He was a Marine MP just like my dad was when he was alive, and they used to work together. He used to come to the house in uniform."

Teddy fell silent.

"Is that all?" Mark urged.

Teddy continued somewhat reluctantly.

"He used to be on patrol in the city on the late night shift, and then he would come to the house in uniform in the morning straight from duty.

Sometimes he took me to the zoo or swimming at Lake Bond. My mother was usually working. We would go to the lake, rent a small cottage to change in, and swim. It was a lot of fun. I liked him'cause he was a buddy of my father's."

"Go on."

"Well, one day John brought a six-pack of beer to the lake and he got kind of drunk. He went back to the cottage and got dressed, but I wanted to swim awhile. When I got back to the cottage I started to change, but when I took my trunks off, John called me over to him and started playing with my cock. He said it was really big for a kid. His hand felt good, and he was a friend of my father and -- Anyway, he told me to feel his cock, and it was really hard. I felt it through his wool uniform pants and it throbbed and jerked under my hand, really big. It was the first man's cock I ever felt, although I always wanted to feel my father's cock, I remember. John gripped my hand feeling his cock and moved it back and forth. He groaned and said it felt awfully good. Then he told me to take it out of his pants."

"I got it out and held it in my hand. John was still stroking my cock.

His stiff prick felt so good in my hand -- so smooth and powerful -- I could have played with it for hours. Not as big or as strong as yours, but pretty

nice, anyway."

Mark's cock was erect. He tried to ease the position and Teddy noticed.

There were still a few miles to drive before reaching the motel. Teddy calmly reached over and grasped Mark's cock through his pants and continued the story.

"John was getting pretty excited. He told me my father used to suck him, and that my father would have wanted me to be good to him, too. He pushed my head down and put his cockhead in my mouth. Until then I didn't know that people sucked cocks, but I didn't mind, especially after I felt the warm, throbbing cockhead and got the pulsating shaft in my mouth."

"He showed me how to make it feel good by sucking up and down as he was jerking my cock. I knelt between his legs. Every time I looked up I saw this handsome Marine, like my father, with his stiff prick sticking out of his uniform fly. It was really exciting, and John was close to shooting. I knew about that'cause I was jerking off every night by that time."

"I didn't want to suck him 'til he came, 'cause I didn't want the cum in my mouth, so I tried to get away. But John took out his gun and held it to my head and told me to suck it and take his cum or he would shoot me.

I don't think now that he would have actually shot me, but I was pretty scared. Anyway, I sucked him and he came in my mouth, and it tasted so good and was so exciting, his big cock shooting its cum into my mouth and that gun pointed at me, that I came in his hand at the same time. After that he held me in his arms and hugged me and said how good it was."

"After that, almost every week we would go to the lake and swim and have sex. He also taught me how to get fucked, and I liked that, too.

Afterward he would hold me and kiss me, but he always wore his uniform.

Then he was transferred to another base, and didn't come to the house anymore."

Mark was on the verge of coming in his pants, with the visions of Teddy's introduction to sex in his mind and Teddy's warm hand stroking his jerking bulge, but he tried to calm down until they reached the motel.

"And that's when you started going to the john in the park?"

"Yes. I saw the glory hole, and one day a man stuck his cock through it and I sucked it. Sometimes guys want to suck me, too," he added somewhat wistfully.

"Yes," Mark said vaguely.

They had arrived at the motel.

Mark was still aroused as they entered the motel room. He quickly unfastened his belt and pants, letting them drop to the floor.

"Suck me, Teddy -- now!"

The sight of the man's big cock and his muscular, hairy thighs was enough. Teddy did not need any coaxing.

He knelt in front of Mark and dove down on the throbbing prick, sucking strongly. Mark groaned and thrust his pelvis toward the boy.

"Your mouth is so warm -- your tongue so great, the way it moves, I dream about this..." Mark suddenly stopped. He was almost making love to the boy! But it was true, all of it!

Teddy supplemented his mouth with his smooth hand. As he withdrew his lips, he grasped the cock and rotated his hand to follow the retreating lips. Then he removed his mouth completely and caressed the cockhead with a rotary motion of his hand. Then he went down again with his mouth.

The combination action left Mark quivering and his knees buckled. He sat down on the edge of the bed. Teddy did not miss a stroke. Mark lay back on the bed, completely at the mercy of the loving boy. His cock was the center of his universe.

"Oh, stop, Teddy! I'll cum in a minute..."

Teddy stopped. He didn't want him to cum too soon, either. Mark lay gasping on the bed.

Teddy removed Mark's shoes and socks, and pulled off his pants. Since they were not uniform pants, they had no significance for him. But Mark could then spread his legs -- those massive, muscular, hairy legs that were so exciting to the boy.

He began to lick and lap the heavy ball sac hanging down at the edge of the bed, and to stroke the huge cock standing so proudly above. Then he lifted Mark's legs to rest them on his shoulders and began to suck his prick again. Mark was putty in his hands. Teddy's hot mouth again brought him close to the brink.

"Teddy -- I'm close..." Mark said, his eyes shut tightly.

Teddy stopped again. "Not yet, sir -- let's make it last," he murmured.

Then Teddy lifted the heavy legs higher so the balls were better exposed.

He sucked them one at a time and then followed the midline down with his tongue. This was new to Mark, and he moaned with pleasure. Teddy grew braver. He lifted the legs high and attacked his dark, puckered asshole with his mouth and tongue.

"Arghhhhhh!" groaned Mark. The tongue flicking and licking his most intimate spot was ecstasy, especially when Teddy pushed his tongue hard and entered the asshole. As Teddy licked, he caressed the balls and cock above his head. Without thinking, Mark pulled his knees back and spread wide so Teddy could have full access to his ass. Teddy moaned contentedly as Mark showed his pleasure by squirming and moaning.

"Oh, yes. Teddy, shove your tongue in deep -- fuck me with your tongue, your hot tongue..."

Mark heard himself groan.

Teddy felt Mark's balls begin to pull up and he knew his climax was near.

Mark only knew that he was in a state of delirium. But Teddy licked the big balls briefly as he gently inserted his slim finger through the relaxed asshole. Then he immediately dove down on the throbbing prick as he jabbed the tensing prostate; it was just in time to catch the first spurt of cum. He massaged the internal gland as Mark gushed his delight into the boy's slurping mouth.

"Ughh -- ughh -- ughh!" Mark groaned with each spurt and jab of Teddy's finger. He tossed and moaned on the bed in uncoordinated passion as he gave his jism to the kneeling boy. His flood was too much to swallow --

some dribbled out of Teddy's mouth, but he gulped as much of the delicious jism as he could.

"Oh. God! Oh. God!" Mark moaned as he convulsed into Teddy's mouth. He was experiencing the most exquisite rapture of his life.

Eventually the peak passed. The delirium receded. Gradually Mark again became aware of his surroundings. His cock grew soft again but was still held lovingly in Teddy's warm mouth. Teddy removed his finger from the tight ass, but Mark barely noticed.

Finally Mark raised himself on his elbows and stared at Teddy, who was still holding his cock in his mouth.

"Teddy, you set me off as no one has ever done. You're an angel or a devil. I don't know which."

Teddy grinned happily, reluctantly releasing the shrinking cock. "I'm glad I make you happy, Mark," he said softly. "John taught me about that, too." He rose to his feet, his own rigid hard-on distending his pants.

"You -- didn't cum?" Mark asked hesitantly.

"No -- it's OK. Let's go for a swim!"

Mark rose weakly and donned his swim suit. Teddy stuffed his hard cock into his bikini but smiled at Mark reassuringly.

This time there were two young girls and an older woman tossing a ball in the pool. Mark and Teddy swam, but there was no intimacy this time. They raced from one end to the other, Teddy usually winning. Then they lay on the lounges in the sun. Mark felt drowsy from the sex and the exertion in the water. Suddenly a voice near his ear roused him.

"Would you and your son like to join us in our game?" a musical female voice inquired.

Mark sat up suddenly to answer the attractive brunette, apparently the mother of the two girls in the pool.

"My son? Oh, no, he isn't -- I'm sorry, I was almost asleep..."

"He isn't your son? Oh, I thought surely -- I'm sorry to awaken you," she said uncertainly, with a strange look.

"No, that's all right -- I mean, we have to leave soon. Thanks anyway."

The woman left. Teddy looked at Mark with a little smile, but Mark glared back. He was reminded now of what other people thought. It wasn't only a matter between Teddy and him, but the rest of the world as well.

Mark rose abruptly and said gruffly, "I guess we should be leaving."

Teddy followed him into the room meekly.

"It's still nearly two hours before I have to be back," he said wistfully.

"I'm sweaty. I'm going to shower," Mark said without answering.

He showered in hot water with a quick cool rinse, and then Teddy showered. When Teddy returned to the room he found Mark sprawled out on the bed nude, almost asleep again.

Teddy feasted his eyes on the big man who had become so important to him.

The massive body was a never-ending source of pleasure for Teddy, not just his cock but his thick muscles and the crisp black hair growing profusely over the totally masculine body.

He tiptoed to the end of the bed and gazed at the long, thick cock hanging over the egg-sized balls resting on the coverlet between Mark's spread legs. Slowly he knelt on the bed between those massive thighs and planted a kiss on the beautiful prick he loved so much. It stirred slightly -- that was all. He kissed it again and it twitched again, beginning to lengthen. He began to run his tongue very gently over the length of the cock. Mark did not move or make a sound. His breathing was deep and regular.

Teddy cradled Mark's stiffening cock in his hand as he ran his open mouth up and down the cockshaft, moving his tongue along the underside. The prick went to full staff immediately, bobbing in his hand, calling for attention.

Slowly and very gently, Teddy took the big prick in his mouth and pushed the throbbing cockhead into his throat, holding it lovingly. There was a long, deep sigh from Mark, but nothing more. Only the stiff prick responded fully.

Teddy held it deep in his throat as long as he could, then came up for air. Again he sucked it deep and again released it. Mark did not move or react except to exhale with each up stroke. Gradually Teddy picked up his rhythm. Mark's hips then began to rise, his back arching with each downward dive into the warm mouth. His eyes remained closed.

Teddy substituted his hand for his lips on the wet cock until he got into position. He straddled Mark's hips, spread some of his saliva on his asshole, and poised over the rigid, moist prick throbbing in his hand.

His eyes never left Mark's face, but the dark eyes remained closed. Then he sat down squarely on the cock, grimacing momentarily as it entered him, but proceeded to push down steadily until he was completely impaled.

"Ahhhhhh," groaned Mark, finally responding vocally. "Oh, yessssss," he hissed but did not open his eyes. As usual he was at the mercy of the boy -- his private addiction.

Teddy began to move up and down, slowly at first, and then increasing his speed and stroke. Down hard, up almost all the way, Mark's cockhead riding over the boy's prostate, then down again. Teddy's cock begged for action, extending rigidly over Mark's belly which it touched, leaving damp trails on every downstroke. Mark's eyes were still closed, but his hips gave an upward thrust each time to meet Teddy halfway, and each time he emitted a groan.

The huge cock swelled even larger and Mark's head began to toss from side to side as his climax started to build. Teddy increased his tempo and began to jerk his own pulsing prick. Mark's groans grew louder and his hips jerked violently. Then his head was thrown back against the bed; Teddy watched a muscular spasm travel down his neck to his chest to the belly and then his groin, and the huge cock spurted its cum into the boy's hot, clenching ass.

"Teddy!" Mark yelled, opening his eyes wide to see Teddy's cock issue its first spurt onto Mark's chest and belly. As wave after wave swept over Mark, it seemed as if his own cum were streaming from Teddy to splatter hotly on his skin, but with that was the sight of the masculine youth, his muscles straining with ecstasy, his trim ass the joyful receptacle for Mark's swollen prick. But most of all there were the bright blue eyes boring into his, brimming over with love and devotion, love that could not be ignored.

Mark thrust upward fiercely; Teddy's smile broadened. The huge cock filled him deliciously, bathing his insides with soothing warmth. His spurting cock jetted its own jism onto the body he loved, to soak the black hairs and puddle in depressions between the muscle ridges. Both men were awash in their lust, giving and taking together.

As the tide passed, Mark again closed his eyes and remained motionless, his head turned to one side. Teddy held his softening cock in his hand, the man's prick still deeply embedded. He waited for a sign, but none came.

Slowly, cautiously, expecting resistance, Teddy leaned forward, straightening his legs behind him, and lay stretched out on top of the man he loved. His own cum felt cool and sticky, but the massive body was his haven, his bulwark against the world. He lay his head on Mark's chest, at peace with the world. Mark did not move. But for Teddy it was enough that Mark permitted him this closeness.

Mark struggled valiantly with himself. The boy obviously loved him. Why could he not respond? The world out there had other rules! He could not give up those elements of life that he had always felt important! And yet

-- and yet -- no! He could not put his arm around him as was his fierce desire. He could not return his love. The boy was a devil!

"Oh, God!" he groaned, this time agonizingly, a tortured man.

"Am I too heavy?" Teddy asked softly. He didn't understand the problem.

"No, but we must get back," Mark said, trying to keep his voice steady and unemotional.

Teddy sighed, kissed Mark's nipple, and reluctantly rose, breaking the cum bonds that held them -- together. He sat, disappointed, on the edge of the bed. After a moment, Mark rose silently and took another shower.

Teddy was dressed when Mark returned from the shower. He wanted to keep the smears on his chest as a reminder of their union. Mark made no comment. He drove him back to the home.

At the gate, Teddy opened the door of the car and stepped out. He looked solemnly at Mark for a moment, and then said softly, "I love you."

"Don't say that!" The words were wrenched from Mark. Then he slumped at the wheel. Teddy stared at him bewildered. Mark relented.

"I'm sorry, Teddy, I know you do, but -- I'll see you next week."

Teddy brightened and smiled, but his eyes were moist. He closed the door slowly and Mark drove off quickly, the tires squealing.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Mark lived in a private hell during the ensuing weeks, marking time between weekends as he thought of Teddy. His job wasn't going too well either. He seemed listless and not very interested in Dick's ideas for trapping "criminals". And there were rumors that maybe their methods used in detecting gays were not legal. So far, though, they were just rumblings.

Dick maintained his heterosexual banter but repeatedly tried to entice Mark to take another fishing trip. When Mark curtly refused, Dick sulked and then pleaded. Their relationship became very strained.

One day the captain called Mark into his office.

"Mark, you've done a good job on vice, as far as I can tell. We've arrested more of these dirty queers in the few months you've been assigned to the squad than in the year previous. Those fucking cocksuckers, dirty perverts..."

"Yes?" Mark interposed, trying to forestall the usual tirade.

"Well anyway, you've done a good job, but I think, and Roberts agrees, that your face -- and maybe your cock -- is getting too well known now.

The arrest rate is starting to fall off, and maybe we need new meat -- ha ha! -- for the squad. So I'm taking you off vice and promoting you to robbery. It's a step up and a raise in pay, just to show we appreciate your work." He patted Mark brusquely on the shoulder.

Mark suddenly felt a great weight lifted from his back. He hadn't realized how much conflict there had been between his work and his personal life until he was suddenly relieved of it.

"Report to the robbery detail in the morning." The captain dismissed him curtly.

After that he saw Dick rarely, and then usually in the locker room. Mark would sometimes feel a gaze burning into his back and discover Dick staring mournfully at him. His eyes would shift to Mark's crotch, indicating that he was still available, but Mark ignored him.

It was a great relief to change assignments and he generally enjoyed his new work. No longer was he involved in the personal lives of the people he arrested. He remained aloof, detached.

After a few weeks on the job, he proposed to Carol, Teddy's mother. He had visited her a few times to report on Teddy's progress, and was amazed at how much the boy resembled her. He liked her a lot, too. He mentioned that he was making more money now, and wanted to make a home for her and Teddy. Besides, the juvenile authorities would be favorably disposed toward Teddy's release at six months if they understood that they would marry. Release time was drawing near.

Carol gazed at him solemnly -- just like Teddy! -- as he outlined his proposal. When he finished, she stared at the floor for a moment.

"Sometimes I think you love Teddy more than me!" she smiled accusingly.

Mark started guiltily to defend himself.

"When should we tell Teddy?" Carol interrupted.

"Let's work through the authorities and get him released, and we can tell him together after he comes home," Mark suggested.

So Mark made an appointment with the Board, and he and Carol informed them that they were to be married, thus providing a more balanced family life for Teddy.

The Board was pleased with the idea and agreed to release Teddy the following week.

That night Mark couldn't sleep. He had thought about the situation countless times and could think of no other way. He needed Teddy! Maybe

it was an addiction. Call it anything, but he had to have Teddy's body, his warm, sucking mouth, his hot clenching ass, to produce those sensual peaks that left him gasping. But still he needed a wife, a female companion to show the world that he was all right -- a normal, respectable straight. Maybe with the three of them together he could avoid the torturing conflict that was with him all his waking -- and many of his sleeping-hours.

That Friday, as he was changing in the locker room, another officer murmured something about Dick.

"What did you say?" Mark asked.

"He's been transferred to a desk job -- really a demotion, but reported as a transfer. Somebody he arrested -- some queer -- brought a complaint against him, and claims to have a witness who swears Roberts had sex with him before he arrested him. The sergeant is trying to keep it hushed up, but Roberts is off vice as of now!"

Mark merely shrugged. Anything he would say would probably be repeated, and they would be after him next.

At that point Dick walked into the locker room, in uniform for the first time in years. Everyone grew silent. Mark was ready to leave, so he walked out without even nodding at Dick.

Mark visited Teddy as usual on Saturday. Mr. Graves always greeted him with an unconcealed sneer, but gave him no trouble. Apparently he was willing to share Teddy, and there were always new boys coming in to satisfy him.

The weather was too cool for swimming now, but Mark still rented the motel room. All their time together was spent having sex. Mark could not get enough, and Teddy was always happy to do anything Mark wanted. They had replayed the scene Teddy had related about John several times -- Mark holding the gun to Teddy's head as the boy sucked his throbbing cock, with Mark dressed in full uniform. The suggestion of violence excited Mark almost as much as it satisfied Teddy. But it always ended with Teddy

wrapping his arms around Mark, holding him close. Mark tolerated this but did not return the affection.

That Saturday they undressed, taking pleasure in the revelation of the other's nude body as the clothes were removed. As usual, both had stiff erections by the time they were undressed, thinking of what was to come.

As Mark stood nude, posing in a spread-leg posture he knew Teddy liked, Teddy backed to the bed and lay down. He raised his knees and spread them, tilting his pelvis up to show Mark his small pink asshole. He pulled his legs back lewdly, indicating what he wanted.

Mark was fascinated by the tiny asshole which could give him such pleasure. Slowly he moved toward the bed, both hands on his stiff prick, and then stood at the foot of the bed, the picture of the nude rapist.

Teddy shivered with delight.

Slowly, deliberately, Mark transferred some saliva to his cockhead, his face a mask of brutality for Teddy's benefit. He knelt on the bed close to Teddy's upturned ass and slowly but steadily inserted his cock. Teddy sighed happily as Mark entered him. When about halfway in, he abruptly shoved hard the rest of the way with a snarl.

"Oh, yes, sir -- fuck me!" Teddy begged.

When Mark's balls and pubic hair made contact with his ass, Teddy shivered again with the knowledge that the policeman was fully embedded and giving his all. Mark held his big prick deep, as if establishing possession. Teddy understood and tacitly agreed.

Mark leaned forward, supporting himself by his hands on both sides of the boy's chest. This brought his face close to Teddy's -- closer than usual.

Teddy gazed into Mark's lusting eyes with love and trust. Mark's eyes were glazed with the joy the tight, caressing ass always gave him.

He began to fuck the boy, first slowly, then gradually increasing the tempo. Teddy wrapped his legs around Mark's back, pulling him in as deeply as possible. He smiled into the dark eyes, his soft curly hair contrasting with the deep blue of the bed cover. Beautiful soft, blond hair.

Mark was beginning to stroke harder, fucking the hot ass, his cock swelling in anticipation. As his peak approached, the blond hair became a beacon. He fell on Teddy and grasped his head between his rough hands, pulling and twisting the silken strands as he fucked. He felt Teddy's cock trapped between their bellies, massaged by their writhing together.

And then it was there! The blond hair, the blue eyes, the tight hot asshole, his cock spurting wildly -- His orgasm was powerful, sweeping him to the pinnacle of passion, up, up. His lips mashed on Teddy's in a savage kiss at the supreme moment. Teddy hugged him tightly. Mark vaguely felt Teddy's cock jerking and spurting its joy between their heaving bellies. Mark's tongue invaded the sweet mouth roughly.

Teddy was transformed! Mark was kissing him at last! He loved him after all! He sucked Mark's tongue into his mouth, as if starved. Both were moaning their joy to the world. The hair on Mark's chest grated against the almost hairless, creamy skin of the boy, adding to Teddy's rapture.

Mark's weight was heavy, bearing Teddy down where he belonged, under the beautiful man who loved him after all!

Mark's thrusts became irregular, but still he maintained the kiss. Then he was still. Teddy's cum soaked their bellies, sealing them together.

Mark's brain steadied and his eyes focused again. He suddenly realized what he was doing. He immediately broke away and rolled to the side; his stiff cock pulled out painfully. He sat on the edge of the bed, shaken.

He wiped his lips, which were still moist from Teddy's mouth, and continued to wipe them until he thought no vestige of the boy remained.

He stared at the wall for a moment and then strode into the bathroom and closed the door.

Teddy was wrenched from his dream of love to the old reality. It had been so good to be true. But even if Mark loved him only during sex, it was something, wasn't it? That compensated for the rejection and coldness he showed at other times. If he could have Mark all to himself under these conditions, he would be happy, and maybe someday [missing text].

Eventually Mark came out of the bathroom after his shower. He wrapped a towel around his waist and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Teddy," he began, calm again, "I have some good news for you. Your mother will be here on Wednesday as usual, but this time she will bring you home. Your period in the institution is over."

Teddy's jaw dropped, his eyes wide with surprise and joy.

"Really? You really mean it? Oh, Mark..." Teddy tackled Mark around the waist happily. Mark tolerated it for a moment and then moved away. He couldn't start that again!

"The forms are completed and it will become official on Wednesday," he said in a policeman's voice.

Even Mark's coldness could not spoil the joy and relief Teddy felt with the news. Home at last with his mother, and Mark! Then a cold thought struck him.

"We -- you and I -- can be together, can't we, after I go home, I mean?"

His face showed his anxiety.

"Yes, we can be together," Mark nodded, and then looked away.

"It'll be wonderful!" Teddy tried to hug him again but Mark evaded his grasp.

"Now you had better shower and get dressed so we can take you back to the home, for a few days at least."

"Yes, sir." This time Teddy did not resist returning since he knew it would soon be over. He sang as he splashed in the shower.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

On Sunday night after his wife left for church, Mr. Graves called Teddy into the office.

"Did you hear about your sentence, Teddy? That you will be going home in a few days?"

Teddy nodded happily. "Yes, Mark told me yesterday."

Mr. Graves nodded slowly. "Yes, Mark -- he's a policeman -- in fact he arrested you, isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir," Teddy looked away, wishing to avoid the man's searching eyes.

"He's a handsome man," Mr. Graves continued, watching Teddy closely.

"Yes, sir," Teddy responded uneasily. Mr. Graves was silent for a moment.

"Does he have a big cock?" he asked suddenly.

Teddy looked at him directly. "Yes, sir." There was no point in avoiding the issue, since they had had sex together many times.

"Bigger than mine?" Again Teddy avoided his eyes.

"Yes, sir." The officer grunted and then was silent. His eyes scanned the boy standing rigidly, his eyes downcast.

"Take off your clothes, Teddy," he ordered.

The bright blue eyes stared into the officer's for a moment with poorly disguised dislike, but also a certain amount of resignation. Then slowly he stripped off his T-shirt and dropped his pants. He stood mute but proud, his youthful, muscular body glowing in the soft light on the desk.

As Mr. Graves' eyes burned over the sensuous frame, his hand went to his fly and slowly took out his stiffening cock. He stroked it slowly as he surveyed the virile form, perhaps for the last time. He had become very aroused by Teddy and regretted that their sex sessions would soon end.

Although he was not truly interested in Mr. Graves, Teddy's cock could not remain unaffected as the officer stroked himself to rigidity.

Unbidden, Teddy's cock began to rise, and Mr. Graves was surprised again at the size of the boy's prick.

"That must have grown about an inch since you came here six months ago," he commented, his hand beginning to move more swiftly. "You're bigger than I am now."

Teddy wished he could go, but Mr. Graves' admiration was not unpleasant.

"Turn around, Teddy."

Slowly Teddy turned his ass to the man, his feet spread slightly. Mr. Graves hummed his approval of the small round buns, so perky and proud.

"Bend over," he ordered somewhat breathlessly.

Teddy bent over, but not enough for the officer.

"Lean your elbows on the couch and spread your feet wide." Teddy did as he was told.

Mr. Graves knelt behind the boy and feasted his eyes on the trim ass completely revealed to him. Then he plunged into the asscrack, his mouth searching, his tongue penetrating, consuming the beautiful boy under his command.

Teddy moaned appreciatively. He missed his treatment with Mark, but realized that Mark would never come to that point. He was resigned to that also.

Mr. Graves dropped his pants and continued to jerk off his stiff cock as he ate out the boy. Teddy pushed back against the probing tongue, opening up his ass channel for masculine entry.

The officer rose to his feet and abruptly shoved his throbbing cock into Teddy with a moan. Teddy stood his ground and soon was moving in rhythm, his knees bent to accommodate the big cock in his ass. It felt good - - it was hard and long -- but it wasn't Mark.

Mr. Graves plunged into the handsome boy, his breath beginning to come in gasps.

"Take my cock, boy -- I'm fucking your ass, kid -- tight, hot ass made for fucking..."

"Yes, sir, give it to me -- shove it in as hard as you want..."

The officer pulled the boy's hips hard against his plunging crotch, burying his rigid cock to the balls. In and out he moved, his face flushing with the intense excitement.

"I'm going to flood you, kid -- yes, I'm coming -- your tight ass clenching my prick -- take my cum -- Ahhhhh!" The plunging prick gushed deep, jerking against the velvet ass walls as it emptied its creamy cum.

"Ugh! -- Ugh! -- Ugh!" The officer almost fell from the weakness of draining his jizz into Teddy's hot ass.

As his cock dribbled its last, he sagged away, his cock pulling free, and he dropped to the couch in exhaustion.

"You really drained me, kid," he moaned, stretching out on his stomach to recover. He breathed rapidly and deeply, trying to regain his composure.

Teddy watched the man recover, his own stiff cock jerking and throbbing in his hand. His eyes moved down to the firm asscheeks of the officer who had just fucked him.

Silently he deposited some saliva in his hand and smeared it gently on the exposed asshole. Mr. Graves jerked with the first contact, but then lay still. Teddy smoothed the tight muscle ring with his fingertips until he felt relaxation. Then he inserted one finger gently, almost immediately striking the sensitive prostate and bringing a moan to Mr.

Graves' lips. The man's ass raised slightly. He was ready and willing.

Teddy climbed aboard and wasted no time filling the eager ass with stiff cock. He didn't often have a chance to be on top, and intended to make the best of it. The tight ass opened, embracing the rigid cock.

Teddy pushed to the depths and the officer groaned with pleasure.

"Oh, yes, Teddy -- your cock is so nice and big -- thick and hard -- fuck me hard, kid -- shove it to me!"

Teddy fucked him hard. His hips began to move like a piston, ramming, filling, fucking the trembling ass with the force of a man and the virility of youth. The fact that the recipient was an officer, his superior at the home, did not detract from Teddy's pleasure, but did not actually add to it. He did not respect the counselor, but his ass felt good and the man obviously loved it.

"Do you like my stiff cock?" he demanded, getting into the spirit.

The officer grunted rhythmically as the young body mashed him into the couch. "Oh yes, Teddy -- your big cock up my ass feels so good!"

Teddy's muscles rippled as he moved, his asscheeks clenching strongly as he plunged into the ass. The hairless ball sac slapped against the asscheeks with each thrust.

"Give me your load, Teddy -- your sweet cum -- fill my ass!"

As if responding to an order, Teddy did just that. His thick cock began to spurt powerful streams of hot cum, coating the trembling ass tunnel and

filling the void. Teddy gasped and groaned, lunging hard and deep, crushing the moaning officer under his masculine weight.

"Take it, fucker! My hot load in your ass, cop!" Teddy was amazed to hear himself take charge -- become the aggressor. But Mr. Graves only moaned happily, meeting every thrust and muttering over and over, "Oh, yes --

oh, yes!"

Teddy's reservoir of jism seemed endless, but finally he slumped forward, his climax over. Then he gently pulled out and stared for a moment at the policeman he had fucked.

"I guess I had better get back to the dorm," he muttered finally. Mr.

Graves was silent. Teddy slipped on his pants but the officer still did not move.

"I'll be leaving now," Teddy said uncertainly. Still no response. But as

Teddy tiptoed to the door, he noticed a pleased smile on Mr. Graves'

face.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

When Mark finished work on Wednesday, Teddy had already returned home and was settling down to familiar surroundings. When Mark appeared, Teddy rushed to meet him, beaming.

"Have you told him yet?" Mark asked Carol.

"No, I wanted to wait until you arrived," she said. Teddy looked from Carol to Mark questioningly.

"Told me what?"

Carol came to stand next to Mark and he put his arm around her.

"Teddy, Mark and I are to be married. You will have a new father. Isn't that great?" She turned to Mark and kissed him hard. Mark returned the kiss, but less enthusiastically.

Teddy's face dropped, his color draining. He was in shock. Just when he was happy that everything was going to work out, his world crumbled about him! Mark, his beautiful man -- his hero -- his sex idol, in love with his mother! If he loved his mother, he couldn't love him, he thought simplistically. Mark could not be his if he belonged to his mother! It was better to be in the home, where Mark could visit him once a week and they could be together without interference! He was shattered.

Tears sprang into his eyes. His hands clenched as he watched his mother and Mark kissing, something Mark had only done once to him and that time in the throes of orgasm!

He wheeled and dashed out of the door, running rapidly.

Mark and Carol were startled. Mark started after him, but Carol stopped him.

"Wait, Mark. Maybe it has come as too much of a surprise to him. He probably just wants to be alone for a while and think about this new development."

Mark returned uncertainly. Carol probably knew Teddy better than he; at least she should know what to expect in situations like this, he decided.

They sat together silently in the living room, each thinking their own thoughts and waiting for Teddy to return. But he did not appear. Finally Carol started preparations for dinner, but still no Teddy. By now the sun was setting.

"Carol, I've got to try to find him."

Carol nodded. There was nothing else to do.

"Where do you think he might go?"

She thought for a moment.

"He used to spend much of his time in the park. It's only a few blocks away, you know. That's the most likely spot, I guess."

"The park!" Mark blurted. The glory hole! Finding him now became even more urgent. Mark rushed out into the gathering darkness, running the few blocks to the park.

He immediately went to the men's room, but there was no one there. He felt some relief, but now where should he look? Vaguely he noticed a familiar car parked nearby, but it did not impress on his mind; his thoughts were frantic for Teddy.

As he stood near the men's room considering likely places to look, he heard a gruff voice, apparently coming from a clump of bushes nearby.

"Suck it, kid, or I'll blow your head off!"

Mark whirled in the direction of the sound, but heard no more. Then he heard what might have been a sob. Quietly he approached the bushes.

The light was growing dimmer, but he finally spotted a figure of a man standing in the bushes, partly concealed. Mark crept closer and sought an opening in the shoulder-high bushes. Finding one, he gasped with recognition.

It was Dick Roberts, in full police uniform, standing rigidly and looking down. In his hand was his gun and it was pointed at the kneeling figure in front of him. Mark then could see the bright blond hair and the upturned face of the boy clearly. He was obviously frightened and cringing from the sergeant.

"I said suck it!" Dick grabbed Teddy by the hair, the wavy, silken strands, and shoved his face into his groin. Mark could then see Dick's stiff cock protruding from his uniform pants. Holding the boy's hair, Dick forced Teddy's head back and forth.

"You suck him off, don't you?" he snarled. He pulled Teddy's face up, demanding an answer. Teddy did not respond.

"Mark's been coming to see you, hasn't he? And you suck his beautiful prick, don't you, kid?" he nearly screamed.

Teddy merely nodded, unable to speak. Dick pushed him down on his cock with one hand; the other hand was pointing the gun directly at Teddy's head.

"And you take his cock in your ass, too, don't you, kid?" Teddy could not talk; Dick's cock was shoved deep in his throat.

Dick pulled him out and tilted Teddy's head up viciously by his hair -- that silky, wavy hair.

"Doesn't he?" he shouted. "He sticks his thick cock into you and cums in your ass, doesn't he?" Dick screamed, pressing the gun barrel against the boy's temple. Teddy nodded mutely, sobbing miserably.

"You took him away from me, you cocksucker!" Dick gave a tormented groan, pushing Teddy back on his cock. He held the weapon at Teddy's

head, becoming more and more agitated with his grief as well as the sexual stimulation that Teddy's struggling mouth was producing. Tears began streaming down Dick's face. "He would be mine if it weren't for you, you blond faggot!"

Mark was growing steadily more frightened. He was shocked at the intensity of the man -- his desperation. Dick was capable of anything in his present state.

The sergeant began to strain and moan, raping Teddy's face.

"You took Mark away from me -- now you're going to pay!" Dick was obviously close to orgasm, gasping and viciously fucking the boy's mouth.

His tears were flowing and Teddy was racked with sobs, choking around the big cock jammed into his throat.

Mark suddenly reacted -- he had to stop this! He stood up clearly exposed at the edge of the bushes in the near darkness.

"Stop it! Stop it, you bastard!"

Dick whirled toward the voice. He saw only a white blur in the gloom, a point of resistance, an interruption in his imminent orgasm. He reacted by reflex.

He raised the gun and fired one shot at the pale spot above the bushes.

A black hole appeared in the middle of Mark's forehead. The white blur hung suspended for a moment and then the policeman slumped to the ground.

Death was instantaneous.

After deliberating only three hours, the jury in the trial of Richard Roberts returned a guilty verdict to the charge of second degree murder.

The defense had claimed that the charge should have been manslaughter, since the killing took place when the officer was under intense mental

strain. Apparently the jury believed the strain did not excuse the defendant's actions in shooting Mark Fellows.

Teddy was protected from publicity during the trial because of his age.

His mother announced to the press that she planned to move with her son to San Diego, where she would marry Marine Sergeant John Dirk, a friend of her late husband.

THE END